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Around Town.

There are just now two situations of rather unusual interest; in fact, we might say there are three. The Grit party has held a convention. Recently they have been having considerable luck; political scandals and dissatisfaction with the tariffs, and the breaking away of well known supporters of the Dominion Government and the lack of magnetism in Conservative leaders, and all that sort of thing, have combined to produce the general thought that the Grit party perhaps have some reason for being alive and may enter the promised land in the course of time. At once exuberant kill-joys in the party suggested a convention. I cannot remember when a Reform convention ever did any good to those who summoned it. As a candid outsider it can do no harm to confess that Conservatives are always glad to see the so-called Liberals summon a convention. Grits when they convene have so many sore spots to display, so many collar-galls to show, are so anxious to tell the world how long they have fought for a principle and how small the cash return has been, that a convention of these sore-shouldered patriots is really a slight for gods and men. To hear them warbling their little piece on the platform one would think that patriotism is confined exclusively to Grit politicians, that work is being done on the cross-roads by no one but paid Tory corruptionists, and that Reform propagandists were willing to sit up nights in order to convert the ungodly Conservative from the error of his ways. Yet after a Grit convention the unpleasant taste is left in everybody's mouth that these velvet-headed and loud-lunged gentlemen are looking for jobs, that principle is not in it, and that patriotism is something that is chiefly valuable in the case of swapping horses or trading off the assets of the country. It used to be said about the Democratic party that they could never get their cow to stand still long enough to milk a pailful more than once in four years, nor did they ever get the pailful milked without the obnoxious nature of the cow manifesting itself to the extent of kicking it over. The patriotic Liberals always have milk spilled at their convention.

The Government seems to be in a somewhat interesting condition. Much labor and haste are being made by ministers with the announcement that D'Alton McCarthy is a very unimportant person. It seems a trifle anomalous that a ministry which has such a sincere contempt for Mr. McCarthy's power should be trotting over the counties saying these things in schoolhouses. The haste and the attitude are neither of them dignified; moreover, I imagine them to be unnecessary. If from the time of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's accession the Government and the Conservative party had absolutely refused to mention his name, Mr. McCarthy would now be so deeply buried in oblivion that an ordinary trumpet would be no good for resurrection purposes. As it is, they are exaggerating his importance, are attracting the attention of Conservatives to his tariff reform propositions, are exalting him as he could not exalt himself, and altogether are making tactical mistakes which show the Government in a very feeble light. More Conservatives are being withdrawn from the support of the Government by the tactical folly of their public speakers than either the racial, religious or tariff cry of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy could attract in a twelvemonth. There is yet plenty of time to let Mr. McCarthy subside. The fact that we are likely to be again made a slaughter market and dumping-ground for Yankee truck will give both the Liberals and McCarthyites an important set-back. If Sir John Thompson's Government betrays no signs of nervousness or undue excitement, there is still a good opportunity for the agitation for a sweeping tariff reform to die a natural death. However, if the small speakers and flutter-about of the Government insist on airing their eloquence in country schoolhouses, their own supporters will be made panicky and an absurd importance will be given to a small disturbance.

In Toronto we have an important situation. Unlike the larger matters at present being discussed by the Liberals, the friends of Mr. McCarthy and the Dominion Government, our questions are those which should have been settled months ago, which must be settled now. The larger questions will simplify themselves if the Dominion Government keeps its nervous system in anything like a reasonably good condition. In Toronto the disturbance is increasing. The Mayor and City Council have lately and severely shown themselves utterly

incapable of attending to things which should have long ere this been disposed of. We have here in Toronto as managers of the city's business the most conspicuous gang of nincompoops that was ever dignified by the name of an aldermanic board. Feeble-minded weather-cocks vote on both sides of a question during one session. First they vote that a thing is white and then they vote that it is black, and in half an hour they are willing to refer it back to a committee of jassacks to know whether it isn't red. We have had rascals in the City Council before now; in fact, there have been few councils in which there have not been several, but this is the first time that we have ever had such a collection of weak sisters and pusillanimous nobodies. The Mayor is very largely to blame for the procrastination which is disgracing the board. He has been so afraid that he would injure his prospects for a third term that he would rather permit the city to suffer than that he should lose a prospective vote. Not only has he procrastinated in public affairs, but the libel suits on account of articles in which his character was openly attacked have been adjourned without either rhyme or reason; he has been in no haste to protect his character, and at last the case has been withdrawn. What he has done in his own affairs is but an intensified

What has disorganized the entire business? Was it not the election of men to office who are lacking in the slightest qualification for anything but menial positions? Has not the city run wild in the matter of selecting the administrators of its affairs? Why should everything be left as it is? Nothing is being done, absolutely nothing. What means the clamor of those who supported the Mayor, and is it not a sign that he has been a conspicuous failure? Who ever nominated the aldermen? Nobody. They are the miscarriages caused by public carelessness; they are the nobodies who are born under the system of nobody being responsible for anybody's birth; they are the illegitimate offspring of a poor, miserable system of trying to do public business; they are the worthless beings who are obstructing public business.

Take noisy creatures like John Hallam—and he is one of the best of the lot—a spluttering disturber of the public peace; he has no more creative faculty than a gosling, and when one has to admit that he is by no means the worst of the lot it should be accepted as a scathing criticism on the whole brood. Toronto is being ruined by these small men. The inertia of the entire outfit is enough to damn a city. They are a curse who would not be permitted for two consecutive years in a country village.

habitants from the beginning until yesterday vouchsafed unto us, a glance over the list might disclose many surprises. It is not amiss to say that possibly many of this world's verdicts would be found reversed, and perhaps now and then the name of a canonized saint would be found shrinking shamefully on the pages of so unique a directory.

Of course this is mere speculation, guess-work of the idlest kind; but it is no more speculative than the confident interpretation of the divine will which issues from almost every weak and watery mouth that opens on the subject. This is a question whose settlement must be left to the sense and conscience of the citizen, and the citizen has not lessened his sense nor employed a conscience keeper. He who will work his hardest against the innovation will be following the dictates of his sense and conscience, and others are entitled to the same guides. An entirely new face has grown upon the matter since it was voted upon and defeated in 1891. The cars are now run by electricity, not drawn by horses. Two years ago about as many men were employed on Sunday, feeding and caring for the horses used during the week, as would now be required to run an electric car service on Sunday. The hackmen and coachmen and horses whose labor will be remitted and placed upon

and a barrier to good. From almost any standpoint opposition to an electric car service is now inexcusable.

The acquittal of Lizzie Borden after a long and sensational trial on the charge of murdering her father and step-mother has occasioned a great deal of surprise at this distance from the seat of affairs. This case finely illustrates the weaknesses and vices of the daily newspaper. The daily paper is immoral, false and cowardly. It is more immoral than the average of its customers; it is false where falsity pays, and it is such a coward as to kneel to the most absurd prejudices of the masses. Pretending to think and lead, it in reality listens and echoes. This is the typical daily paper. It can never be otherwise so long as mechanics' wages are paid men to write leaders. Men who value their brains and aim to achieve an income and a station in life will not give law, medicine, banking and other branches of finance and trade the go-by, to bury themselves in the obscurity of a daily newspaper office at salaries that amount to but one-fifth of what they could command in almost any other field. That papers are not deserving of receiving the confidence which they should merit and receive, everybody knows. The occupant of a tenement house may read with awe, but the merchant or the man of affairs treats the paper with a contempt that, great as its faults may be, is really not warranted. To judge from what has appeared in the papers ever since the Borden murder was committed, the daughter Lizzie is one of the most brazen of criminals. According to the papers her guilt was unquestionable, and she and her sister admitted it by mouth and evinced it by manner time and again. Those of us who read the papers and followed the daily description of the prisoner's demeanor were worked into an intensity of feeling, and were led to fume against those delays of law that prolonged the life of such a wretch. And now it is all over, and, the evidence being in, there is nothing for the jury to do but to acquit the prisoner, whose innocence there is little reason to doubt. All winter and spring this case has been made the big thing of the telegraph despatches; something had to furnish scare headlines, for such is the practice of the press, and if nothing happens then something must be manufactured. Several canards, scattered over the country and believed for months, were exploded when this case came up for trial and shown to be pure inventions of the press. Lizzie Borden, if innocent, as the law pronounces her to be, can thank the newspapers of America for indelibly associating her name with one of the most heinous crimes of the age. No decree of the courts can purge from the public mind those prejudices against her innocence which the newspapers have sedulously implanted for many months. What has been done by the papers has been done with systematic persistence, and as the verdict of acquittal proves, was not in the faintest measure justified by established facts. A tragedy was hung about that girl's shoulders, and the papers made of her such a figure as could not fail to interest readers everywhere. What did it matter though the result should be her death, innocent? Her arrest and accusation afforded the detectives a chance to hide their discomfiture, and gave the newspapers what they wanted. After all it is not so ridiculous for the law to bar out from the jury box men who read newspapers and form opinions upon cases to come up for trial. Men are often paid by the yard for lying graphically about murder cases, and the case soon peters out if they have not a criminal to describe.

Whatever his faults and whatever contempt he may have shown the courts three years ago, there are very few people who are pleased at the incarceration of E. A. Macdonald. He is a man who has shown contempt for almost everything, and everything has got back at him with interest. It will be surprising if Mr. Macdonald does not turn his imprisonment to sensational account. He is so imaginative a man that he is likely to regard himself as a political prisoner stowed away in the Bastille because of his activity in the annexation cause. He is just the man to turn that little situation to account, and in his cell to-night I should not be surprised to learn that he is mapping out a revolutionary campaign, with his men and munitions all classified in black and white.



ALLIGATOR HUNTING.

phase of what he has done in the people's affairs. Anything for delay! It matters not if the workmen are idle, if work which could be done for a few hundred dollars in the winter must be completed in the summer when the cost is increased tenfold. It matters not if other kinds of work which could be attended to in the summer are delayed until winter and the cost increased tenfold in another direction. It is evident even to the newspapers which supported Mr. Fleming in his two campaigns that he is a poor, weak, miserable nobody. Those who were loudest in his support are now daily asking him to attend to business. Does he propose to do it? Is the City Engineer's department likely to attend to its business? Are the members of the City Solicitor's department likely to give up their jaunts abroad, and their merry-makings at home, and the aberrations of mind for which they are notable and remarkably conspicuous, or are we to drag along with nothing characterizing this department except a clamor for raises of salary and apartments in some building outside of the City Hall? What have we had except increases of salaries, decrease of the public usefulness of departments, prolonged and expensive delays of public works? The city is being made a fool of, and after keeping away from the subject for many months I am giving somewhat of a bitter expression to what the daily newspapers are repeating day after day.

Nobody seems to know his mind. There is no established confidence in anything. Taxpayers who are groaning under their load want to see the matters for which they are being taxed completed. Workmen desire to see some opportunity of exercising their handicraft. It is not a matter of inaugurating new concerns; it is simply the completion of old ones. We have incurred or are incurring the debt; why should we not have the work?

And so it goes, and so public business goes—to the dogs. They sit and quarrel and call one another liars and pups, and the shame of it is that they are telling something mighty near the truth about each other.

Again the Sunday car question is to the fore. Up to date the opponents of the reform are in a dazed condition and have not started their machinery running. True, one man has written a characteristic letter to the press, warning the people that if Sunday cars are put in motion God will send cholera upon the city and "the sabbath breakers will be taken first," but this is the work of a straggler, the solid phalanx not yet having got into position. The inspired prophets of olden days never undertook to explain the mind and will of the Almighty with such emphatic assurance as do ten thousand different people in Toronto to-day. The modern Moses who has come forward announcing a plague of cholera will soon be followed by others, foretelling further visitations equally dire, and it will never occur to them that in unwarrantably threatening us in the name of the Father they commit a sin of impleity, to give it a mild name. No voice save one from the startled heavens can, without impleity, speak the mind of God on so modern and mixed a matter as the giving of a Sunday car service to the people. No other voice is competent to speak a decision binding upon the individual conscience. If you believe that the running of street cars would be no sin and I take the opposite view, neither of us is authorized by Him to whom we are separately accountable to shake the steaming pit of hell in the other's face as a frightener. That is not what the murky kingdom was designed for. Its gates do not open and shut when every angry disputant on earth stamps his foot. A wisdom that is omnipotent, never angry or narrow, controls it. Were a complete census of its in-

the shoulders of that soulless agent, electricity, will also far outbalance all the labor occasioned by the Sunday service. The city will not look so calm, so dutifully dead and solemn, but there will be less labor within our gates than now. If, therefore, it is right to observe the sabbath and not to make a sham of it; if the object is to obey the spirit of the sacred law, not merely to impress men with our holiness, then the running of electric cars will preserve the sanctity of the day by diminishing human and animal labor. The cemeteries being so remote from the populated parts of the city, and the opportunities of poor people and busy people to visit them being narrowed to Sunday, the struggle of existence occupying the balance of the week, it follows that mourners must either neglect their dead, trudge weary miles that exhaust all but the very able-bodied, or hire a vehicle, in which case enough labor is occasioned to carry one hundred people by electricity to the burial grounds. It seems to me that men would be better and nobler if they could oftener stand meditatively by the graves of departed kindred, and any movement is good that will deprive negligence of its excuse and make it easier for worldly parents to pay weekly visits to the tomb of their offspring and for frivolous children to now and then confront themselves with the destiny of humankind. The earnestness of the preacher, all his eloquence and argument fail to impress some natures, but the sermon that comes upon a quiet sabbath afternoon from the grave of a friend no nature can resist. At such a time every blade of grass has its root in the ground and its spire in the heavens, so near are earth and sky. The air breathes a psalm which one's soul goes forth to meet and join in. By death salvation came into the world and at the tombside man reaches, for a time, the highest possibilities of his nature. Any restraint that keeps him away is unwise

sociating her name with one of the most heinous crimes of the age. No decree of the courts can purge from the public mind those prejudices against her innocence which the newspapers have sedulously implanted for many months. What has been done by the papers has been done with systematic persistence, and as the verdict of acquittal proves, was not in the faintest measure justified by established facts. A tragedy was hung about that girl's shoulders, and the papers made of her such a figure as could not fail to interest readers everywhere. What did it matter though the result should be her death, innocent? Her arrest and accusation afforded the detectives a chance to hide their discomfiture, and gave the newspapers what they wanted. After all it is not so ridiculous for the law to bar out from the jury box men who read newspapers and form opinions upon cases to come up for trial. Men are often paid by the yard for lying graphically about murder cases, and the case soon peters out if they have not a criminal to describe.

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MACK.

Life In a Canadian Cavalry School.

Written for Saturday Night by F. L. Vaux, Lieut. 42nd Battalion.

Every schoolboy has heard of Quebec and all the memories of heroic deeds which cluster around it. The names of Jacques Cartier, Frontenac, and Montcalm will forever be associated with it, and the capture of Quebec by the gallant Wolfe and his death on the Plains of Abraham form the most stirring page of our Canadian history. There are but few travelers who have not read in guide book or larger volume more or less detailed description of this, the oldest city in Canada; and no account is considered of any value unless containing some reference to the frowning citadel, grass-covered walls and historic scenes which lend such a peculiar charm to old Quebec.

But how many know that in the ancient capital of Canada is situated a Cavalry School which is not excelled, if indeed equaled, on the continent. To describe this school and to give a brief sketch of life in it is the object of this paper. Before commencing, however, a brief resume of the events which led to its formation may be in order.

Previous to Confederation and especially during the early part of the sixties, Imperial troops garrisoned all the principal cities in British North America, but on the union of the provinces under the name of the Dominion of Canada, the home government withdrew all the regiments with the exception of one at Halifax. The 13th Hussars, long quartered in the old Fort, Toronto, was amongst those recalled, thus leaving the Canadian cavalry with no means of instruction, and many, long and loud were the complaints. In 1885 Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, recognizing the difficulties under which the cavalrymen labored, determined to remedy this state of affairs as far as possible.

To this end he established a troop of Hussars enlisted for a period of three years, to serve not only as the nucleus of a large force but also as a school of instruction, in which officers and men of the Canadian cavalry could be thoroughly qualified for their work. Quebec was chosen as the site, not only on account of the necessary buildings being there, but also for the excellent advantages offered for drill reconnaissance. The Hussars are quartered in the citadel with Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull as captain of the troop and commandant of the school, and associated with him are Captain Howard and Captain Lessard.

In 1885 the Riel rebellion broke out and at once the cavalry school corps, as they were termed, were sent to the front, where they rendered valuable service, returning at the close of the rebellion to their present quarters on St. Louis street.

The system of equitation is modeled after that of the great English school at Canterbury, and it might be well just here to disabuse the public mind of any idea that recruits are treated as circus riders once were, i. e., put on a horse and made to stay there till thrown.

All possible kindness is shown, and the first object of Sergeant-Major Dingley is to rid the young soldier of the idea that he will be thrown or hurt. Once he is convinced, progress is usually rapid. Instruction is first commenced on a numnah, which is simply a large felt pad strapped on the horse. Here he learns to mount and dismount without a stirrup, the proper mounted position and the use of reins and knees in guiding his horse or regulating its paces. When these points are thoroughly mastered he is given a stripped saddle, that is, one from which the wallets and stirrups have been removed. This is the most difficult of all seats to maintain, the smooth and slippery pignakin affording no grip to thigh or knee. But all trials have an end, and soon the recruit, having mastered the difficulties of the stripped saddle, is given stirrups and carefully instructed in the use of spurs and curbs. The military seat as taught at Canterbury is adopted here, and not only places the cavalryman more firmly in his saddle, but gives to the squadron or regiment a uniform appearance when in motion.

"Clanked as they rode in air,
Clanked as they fell again," wrote Tennyson, but since the memorable charge of the Six Hundred many changes have been introduced into Her Majesty's army. On long marches, however, rising in the stirrups or "posting," as it is called, is allowed, in order to ease the horses' backs.

The cavalryman is always taught to ride "on the bit." By this is meant holding the curb, or bit rein, between the third and fourth fingers of the left hand with a light and even feeling of the horse's mouth, the bridle, or snaffle rein, being gathered up in the full of the hand. By this means the change from bit to bridle is accomplished very rapidly and is most useful for easing the horse's mouth when in danger of stumbling over rugged ground or in jumping.

The horse furniture is practically the same as used by the British cavalry, the only difference being that the shabraque is not worn. A carbine bucket hangs at the right side, and on the left the trooper's sword is fastened to the saddle. This latter arrangement, which has just been introduced into Canada, is a very desirable one, especially for the dragoon, as he is thus enabled to dismount, fire and re-mount more quickly and easily. Although in marching order a horse is heavily loaded, yet so perfect is the arrangement that there is not the difference of a quarter per cent. on one side or the other.

The examinations are thorough and severe, and are conducted under the personal supervision of Lieut. Col. Turnbull. When the day for examination arrives the troop is ordered to parade and march to the Plains of Abraham, where a most searching examination in cavalry drill is undergone, the several attached officers taking the posts of squadron and troop leaders and also acting as subalterns.

The riding school is then visited and a series of manoeuvres known as the "single ride" is gone through, the many turnings and wheelings of which give the commandant an excellent opportunity to judge the seat of the different riders. Sword exercise, mounted, is next undertaken, and to put the knowledge acquired in the barrack square to a practical test, posts with wooden heads are erected, the whole being about the height of a mounted

soldier. Riding at full gallop the cavalryman aims to sever as many heads as possible, as well as to bear off on the point of his sword rings which are suspended from similar posts. "Heads and posts," as this exercise is called, being ended, hurdles are erected for a further test. The commandant is very particular that no horse shall be jerked or pulled while clearing the bar, and woe to the careless one, be he trooper or officer, who rides over a jump "on the bit." The eagle eye of Col. Turnbull will surely detect it, and a caution to use the bridle in future will await the offender.

A message is given and answered with signaling flags, and the practice part of the examination is over, but papers have to be handed in on Interior Economy, Military Law, Duties, etc. This is the full course for cavalrymen, but officers from other branches of the service have only to pass a practical and written examination on equitation.

The routine of duties is not severe. In summer reveille arouses the men at 5:30 a.m., half an hour later stables is sounded and by 6:30 the men are ready for their morning ride, returning to breakfast at 8. At 10 o'clock there is a general parade and the men are then dismissed to their quarters till 12, when noon stable sounds, and at 1 p.m. dinner is served. Parade at 2 p.m., with a ride for attached officers and men, completes their duties and at 4 o'clock tea is served. The trumpet sounds for evening stables at 5 p.m., and when the horses have been attended to the men may wander on terrace or esplanade till the citadel guns recall them to barracks.

It will be readily seen that the horses give the trooper much labor which his infantry brother is spared, but the men love their horses and take the greatest pride in keeping the coats of their favorites sleek and glossy and their accoutrements clean and shining.

Every effort is made to give the men time to pursue athletics, and the cricket team which is ably captained by Mr. Forrest has won many victories. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are also holidays, and on the occasion of any demonstration or celebration the men may be seen in full force taking advantage of the holiday which has been afforded them. Lately there was imported from England all the necessary apparatus for a military tournament, including twenty-four lances; thus the citizens of Quebec are treated every year to what is seen nowhere else on the continent except at Winnipeg, viz., a musical ride and military tournament, in which latter they are usually assisted by B Battery, R.C.A., which, under the command of Lieut. Col. Montizambert, is quartered in the citadel.

In 1892 the name Cavalry School Corps was changed to Regiment Canadian Dragoons, the school at Quebec which form the school of instruction at Winnipeg, Man., were constituted B troop. The magnificent Hussar uniform thus also had to give way to the Dragoon uniform of scarlet with yellow facings, which though very handsome is not nearly so gorgeous but perhaps better fitted to the requirements of the Canadian militia.

The full dress consists of white helmet with brass mountings, scarlet tunic and yellow facings, blue pantaloons with yellow stripes, high boots, spurs, white gloves and belts. In summer the officers wear for undress the beautifully braided Dragoon frock coat and the regulation round forage cap with gold band.

In winter their uniform consists of Persian lamb cap, wedge-shaped, with yellow band on the right side, and a patrol jacket trimmed with Persian lamb, together with gauntlets of the same material. Pantaloons having the regulation yellow stripes, high boots lined with fur, and spurs, complete a handsome and serviceable uniform.

The men having suffered excessively from frozen feet while waiting for the Lieut. Governor at the opening of the Quebec Parliament, Col. Turnbull determined to remedy that state of affairs, and at the recent opening issued moccasins in place of the high boots, the result being that there were no complaints.

This is the first instance recorded of cavalrymen wearing moccasins on mounted duty.

Visitors to Quebec should not fail to visit the Royal School of Cavalry. Col. Turnbull takes a justifiable pride in the high state of efficiency of his command, and every facility is afforded visitors of seeing the stables. The riding school is but a short distance away and the gallery is always open to any who may wish to see the exercise going on.

The cavalry barracks is situated on St. Louis street opposite the Esplanade, and I am confident it will be time spent both enjoyably and profitably. The officers under Col. Turnbull are Captain Lessard, senior subaltern and adjutant of the school, with Mr. Forrester as junior subaltern.

Mr. Forrester has not long held his commission in the Dragoons, having been transferred from the 1st Princess Louise Hussars of New Brunswick. Like a true cavalry officer he is a thorough horseman and is a prominent member of the Quebec Turf Club. He is also an enthusiastic cricketer and is captain of the cricket team.

Captain Lessard has seen many years of service, and was in the artillery and 65th Rifles before being gazetted to the Cavalry School, with which he has been connected since its formation. In 1885 he went to the North-West, and on the promotion of Captain Howard was appointed adjutant of the school.

Of Colonel Turnbull nothing need be said. He is known not only in Canada, but also in the Old Country as a cavalry leader of the modern type, and has a long and honorable record of military service. In 1885, on the formation of a troop of cavalry (Queen's Own Canadian Hussars) he became one of its members, and ever since has been connected with the force, covering a period of thirty-eight years. In 1872 and 1875 he attended special cavalry courses in England, being on the cavalry staff at Aldershot during the autumn manoeuvres of the last mentioned years, and in 1889 was appointed to his present position. Under his command the Royal School of Cavalry has proved an unequalled success, five

hundred officers, non-commissioned officers and men having received instruction.

The writer has taken a short course of three months in equitation, and has no hesitation in saying that the immense popularity of this school is due in no slight degree to the kindness and thoughtfulness of Lieut. Colonel Turnbull, than whom there is no finer cavalry officer in America.

New Books and Magazines.

The collapse of the speculation in land so prevalent in Ontario and the North-West during the past few years, has turned the attention of capitalists and others to the development of the resources of the country, and the number of companies incorporated for mining, manufacturing and other purposes has largely increased. So much is this the case that we find from returns made to the Ontario and Dominion Governments that the capital stock of companies incorporated by these governments during the year 1891 alone amounted to thirty-two and a half million dollars. As the governments of the other provinces also issue charters, it is obvious that the number of persons interested in companies must be large and that questions more or less important are constantly arising in their management. An important and timely work for the use of such persons is *The Shareholders and Directors' Manual*, just published by Mr. J. D. Ward of the Provincial Secretary's Department in this city. The growth of the business of these companies is so rapid, and the number of persons who have an interest in them is so great, that we feel justified in calling the attention of those interested to the book. In the first part, containing one hundred and twelve pages compiled from the latest authorities and from cases decided in the Canadian courts up to date, the author deals with the promotion, formation and incorporation of companies; their duties and responsibilities; meetings; by-laws; books to be kept; auditors; contracts; stock; calls and dividends, and gives an interesting chapter on the conversion of a private business into a company and the inducements and advantages of such a step. The second part, consisting of two hundred and sixteen pages, contains the Acts of the Dominion and of the Provinces respecting companies, thus making it applicable to the whole country; an exhaustive table of forms illustrated and explained and drawn up so as to actually represent all the steps taken in the formation and carrying on of a company and which we learn have been approved of by the departments at Toronto and Ottawa; and a useful table of by-laws. The work has a copious and carefully prepared index and typographically is well gotten up. We are sure it will prove a necessity to shareholders, directors, officers and promoters of joint stock companies.

The World's Fair will not be permitted to live only in the memories of those who saw it, and in the files of newspapers. The Bancroft Company, Auditorium Building, Chicago, have in preparation what they call *The Book of the Fair*, which will be a permanent and illustrated chronicle of the exhibits. The text is by Hubert Howe Bancroft, and the illustrations profuse. As pointed out in the preface, the exhibition of 1893 was contained in a single edifice of one million square feet, while the space occupied at the World's Fair of to-day is eight or nine times as great.

The July *Californian* will be one of the finest examples of magazine making ever produced west of New York. It will contain over 150 illustrations and almost twice the usual number of pages. The cover will be decorated with poppies in their natural colors, and some of the writers are Ina D. Coolbrith, Charles Edwin Markham, Sarah Orne Jewett, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Josquin Miller, Hon. Thos. J. Geary, John Vance Cheney, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., Dan de Baille, and many others. The contents of the magazine cover all the Pacific slope from Alaska to Southern California, and from Salt Lake City to Genoa, Italy. A timely paper is on *The Law and the Chinese*, by the framer of the Geary bill, Hon. Thomas J. Geary.

Few Who Blow Out the Gas Become Famous

"I venture to assert, without fear of contradiction," said a hotel man, "that for every death from asphyxiation in my hotel during the past five years, I or my employees have rescued twenty-five persons who would certainly have died if we had not been on the alert. We are, indeed, always on the lookout

Tricks of the Trade.



Mrs. Byers—All the big berries are at the top of this box, I suppose?
Tom Carter—Oh, no, mum; some uv 'em are on top uv the other boxes.

for guests who think they are doing right when they blow out the gas. Only a few nights ago I discovered, as I passed through my hall, a strong smell of gas, and traced it to a room where a countryman and his child had been assigned but a few hours before. The door was soon burst open, and two unconscious forms were found in a repose which would have ended in death if the discovery had been made two hours later. When the man was resuscitated I asked him what he meant by turning the gas on after it had been put out.

"I give you my word, sir," he said earnestly, "that I blew the gas out, and didn't touch the pipe afterward."

"When I told him what a mistake he had made and what a lucky escape he had had, his joy was unbounded, and between his sobs and exulting cries of joy he hugged and caressed the little boy with him, who was just coming out from the effects of the gas, as if all heaven was his at that moment."

"If you will take the trouble to visit the other large hotels of Boston in which gas is used in the rooms, I think you will find that the ratio of rescues to deaths is at least 25 to 1. You seldom hear of a rescue, but invariably learn of a death."—*Boston Herald.*

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Mourning Dresses.

DEERLY crinkled crepons of pure wool, very finely woven, are excellent fabrics for summer mourning dresses, though many modistes commend Henrietta cloths and French bombazines all the year round, especially for the first gowns worn by widows. Nun's veiling is still liked for its lightness, and is already ordered for the next year by the merchants. Iron grenadines of exceedingly fine meshes of mixed silk and wool and those with a sheer surface not defined by meshes are not suitable for the deepest mourning dresses. A new fabric called sable, is a silk crepon as thin as Liberty's silk, and deeply crinkled like Japanese crepe. The fashionable modistes use sable for the whole gown, and trim it with the soft-finished English crepe that is now made without dressing and is entirely lustreless. Gauze grenadines with pin dots with larger balls make thin dresses for midsummer or are used for blouse waists, with sleeves and skirt of crepon or grenadine.

For general wear and traveling dresses is a new goods, called Carmelite, a light-weight mixture of silk and wool that sheds dust, and is as cool and thin as muslin. The silk-warp crystallette introduced last summer is still liked for its dust-resisting surface and feather weight. Camel's-hair grenadine, as strong as iron, is an admirable sheer-wool fabric, entirely without lustre, cool to the touch, and either plain, striped or figured; it is forty-four inches wide. All wool batistes and tamise cloths are slightly heavier stuffs for "second best" and traveling dresses. Plain black India silks have so little lustre that they are commended for cool summer gowns, for traveling, and for World's Fair dresses for those wearing the deepest mourning. Storm serges of very wide twills and hop-sacking woven in basket checks are suitable for sea-side, mountain, and traveling gowns, and are also safe purchases for the next season, as the merchants have already placed large orders for these stuffs for autumn and winter use.

Among silken fabrics worn in the deepest mourning is *crepe de Chine* deeply crinkled, a yard and a quarter wide. Another silk is the French Poye, heavier than India silk, but much lighter than gros grain, with very slight lustre, not even sufficient to call it demi-lustre. The crinkled sable silk has already been noted. What is variously called mole skin silk or queen's mourning, and sometimes cashmere royale, is a beautiful jet-black fabric that is not all silk, but is made softer and also more durable by its wool of cashmere wool, which makes it drape like pure cashmere. It comes in single width and double. Silk muslins, charmingly transparent, with small or large embroidered dots, are for entire dresses, or for parts of gowns, for blouse waists, plastrons, or full sleeves, as the wearer chooses. A novelty is armure silk grenadine, forty-six inches wide, to serve as the length of skirts, with a satin brocade border at the foot, usually in palms or other leaves, with smaller designs, of *fleur-de-lis* or of Maltese crosses over the remainder. These, of course, are for second mourning, or for the complimentary mourning worn for distant relations.

One of the newest cotton fabrics is black Swiss muslin, *plumetis*, embroidered in tambour stitching, in fine pin dots, or else quite plain, or with some white figures printed amid the dots, in coral branches, stars, or Marguerites. These are thirty inches wide, and cost fifty cents a yard. Linen batistes come in plain black at fifty cents, or with hair stripes of white at sixty cents. Cotton batistes are beautiful, soft-finished sheer fabrics that cost only thirty cents, and the jet-black mull is even softer and finer. Persian lawn is rather wiry and substantial lawn worn in light mourning, and made up with many insertions of Chantilly lace. The prettiest white fabrics for mourning are corded dimities as thin as lawn, strengthened by fine cords in stripes or cross-bars, then finely dotted with black, or else in bold stripes of black, or strewn with crosses, Greek keys, or scrolls.

It is an easy matter to select a summer outfit of mourning dresses from the various materials. Three black dresses are sufficient for most wardrobes, and four are a great abundance. A dress of Henrietta cloth, with or without English crepe trimmings, is ordered for the funeral and for cool days, a crepon gown or one of nun's veiling for hot weather, and a light-weight serge or Carmelite for traveling, shopping, and seaside or country wear. When a fourth dress is added, it is of grenadine or the dotted gauze, or else of lustreless India silk. The round waist, large sleeves with drooping top, and gored skirts now so generally worn are particularly suitable designs for mourning dresses. When English crepe is combined with the material it is used as a girdle, stock-collar, and sleeve puffs, or else as close lower sleeves, with the puffed top of the dress goods. The circular baque and a collar, or a shoulder cape cut without fullness at the top, are effective in English crepe on round waists of Henrietta cloth, grenadine, or crepon. Flat trimmings are the rule for mourning skirts, ruffles and ruches being considered inappropriate in crepe, though they are worn after the first mourning in chiffon or silk muslin laid in accordion pleats. The flat trimmings consist of three or five rows of doubled crepe, or else bands of single crepe lined with foundation muslin put around the skirt with wide spaces between. Milliners' folds of crepe are used in groups of three at the knee and at the foot, also for edging revers and bretelles on the bodice. When crepe is not used the material of the dress, or else lustreless silk, forms folds, bands and revers.

After the first mourning is laid aside some white is added to dresses of *crepe de Chine*, or of crepon, in the way of guipure insertions, in either cross or lengthwise rows on the full gathered waist. In many instances this waist is of silk muslin, made very full and sometimes accordion-pleated. The narrow white guipure also appears on the stock-collar, the folded belt, and in the puffs of the sleeves. While very little dull jet is now used, a great deal of glittering jet is added for light mourning, to brighten up frocks of crepon or of dull

black silks. This jet forms a yoke or a girdle, with an epaulette, collar band and cuffs. A full belted waist of deeply crinkled silk crepe with guipure or with jet trimmings serves for various dressy skirts in a light mourning outfit, such as a Brussels net skirt, covered with four or five pleated flounces, or one of *peau de soie* with two flounces of *mousseline de soie*, one at the foot, the other about the knee.

Small collarettes or deeper shoulder-capes of English crepe are handsome for summer wraps for young women. For older ladies the material of the dress is made in coats, with fullness below the waist in the back, or else in full capes that reach to the elbows or the hips, trimmed with collarettes and borders of English crepe. There is nothing new in neckwear for those in mourning, as it is customary with modistes to arrange the trimming, whether of crepe, or lisse, or the dress material, to give a neat finish of folds or frills about the neck and wrists.

It is now the custom to make the first-mourning bonnet and veil of the same material, whether of English crepe or of silk grenadine. The bonnet is made as light as possible, being merely a cover for the thin frame, with some folds or shirred tucks on the edge. The veil is thrown over the bonnet, hanging evenly in front and back when worn at the funeral and the first Sunday at church; but afterward in nearly all cases it is sent to the milliner to be draped to fall at the back, and a short veil for the face is worn of Brussels net with an edge of crepe folds or a hem of silk muslin. In draping the veil at the back it is almost doubled, and is attached directly to the front of the bonnet. The very long veil of three yards of English crepe is now worn only by widows, as very decided preference is given to short veils of only half this length. The French scarf veil of a single length of crepe arranged at the back in jabot-like folds is very graceful and light enough not to be uncomfortable. Silk veiling is more popular than the nun's veiling so long in use; it is called grenadine veiling, and is used with pretty and light bonnets in many folds or shirred puffs of the same material. Brussels-net veils with a wide border of English crepe are used in the summer by those in deep mourning. Round hats of the stylish small shapes are in mourning when made of chip, thin Neapolitan braid, or of rice straw. They are trimmed broadly with a bow of gaufréed gauze or of crepe, or else they have small *choux* of gauze or of *peau de soie*, with branching jet ornaments or a high aigrette. LA MODE.

Individualities.

Mark Twain is back again at home, at Hartford, after spending a year or more abroad. He has materials for a new book.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, is going to abandon her home among the scented magnolia groves in Alabama and take up her residence in Pittsburgh. The change is due to her loneliness since the death of her husband.

Henry Irving has purchased a play by Conan Doyle. It is called *A Stranger of 15*, and is pathetic in the extreme. It is a sketch of a veteran of Waterloo whose daring had won him renown, and who considers every soldier a demi-god. Mr. Irving will play the title role.

Prince Henry of Reuss has achieved a triumph as a musical composer. A symphony of his composition was performed at the famous Gewandhaus concerts, at Leipzig, where the young man's royalty would have been powerless to obtain a hearing for any work lacking intrinsic merit.

The ceremony that made Mrs. Marie Nevins Blaine, the divorced wife of young "Jim" Blaine, Mrs. William Tillamast Ball took place on Decoration Day in New York city, in the presence of a very small company of friends and relatives. The bride and groom are at present at Carlsbad, in Bohemia.

The Paris exhibition of 1900 will occupy the same site as did the one of 1878, namely, the Champ de Mars, Esplanade des Invalides, and the Trocadero Gardens. No other position is so central or easy of access, while to have placed the exhibition in the Bois de Boulogne, as one plan suggested, would have effectually spoiled that favorite resort.

James Gilbert, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for having caused the dynamite explosion at the Tower and Houses of Parliament, has been released after an incarceration of eight years. Home Secretary Asquith learned a few days ago through a newspaper article that Gilbert was slowly dying from heart disease, and he at once gave the order for Gilbert's release.

Dr. Hamilton Griffin, the stepfather of Mary Anderson, the most genuinely attractive actress of her time, died a few days ago at Louisville, Ky. Dr. Griffin was a physician of much skill and large practice, which he gave up in 1875 to devote himself to the stage career of his stepdaughter. He continued to be her manager from her first appearance in Louisville until the end of her first engagement in England.

If Madame Blavatsky reaches heaven she will arrive there in instalments. When she died three years ago, Colonel Olcott, the president of the Theosophical Society, desirous that three continents should share the glory of her sepulture, had the lady cremated and devised that a third of the resultant ashes should be given each to America, Europe and Asia. As Madame Blavatsky was a woman of unusually ample dimensions, the portion of her remains entrusted to each of these diverse countries was quite large.

The Infanta Eulalia was born in Madrid on February 12, 1861. She is the youngest child of ex-Queen Isabella; her only brother was the late Alfonso XII. of Spain. She was born when the power of Isabella II. was at its zenith. The Infanta was always an exceptionally bright scholar. She speaks English, French, German, Portuguese and Italian as fluently as her own tongue. She is extremely charitable, devoting a large part of her income to works of beneficence and giving every possible encouragement to the industries of her country, especially among women. In appearance Eulalia is slight and graceful, with brown hair and blue eyes.

Mme. Vilma Parlaghy is said to be the only artist who ever succeeded in prevailing upon



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A DESPATCH from Japan says that a blight has come over the mulberry trees, and as a consequence the silk worms will suffer and the prices of silk will certainly advance. This is at a time when Building Sale is forcing down silk prices in this house as they've never been down before.

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Pure Silk Piques, 30c, were 50c.
Wide Embroidery for shirt trimmings, 12 1/2c.
Summer Mitts, in lace and silk, 15c, great bargain.
Fine quality Taffeta Gloves, 25c.
Ladies' Cuff Lace Gloves, 25c; children's, 20c.
Ladies' Fine Lace Hose, in cardinal, 20c.
Men's Cashmere Half Hose, 20c, were 30c.
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Kossuth to sit for his portrait. She was a Hungarian portrait painter who about seven years ago gained admission to his household through the kindness of one of his nieces. The latter advised her to don the picturesque Hungarian costume and come to the house some afternoon at tea time. Kossuth was charmed and Madame Parlaghy went again and again, each time carefully noting the facial expression of the aged patriot and afterwards working from memory. After the fifth visit, however, the artist in despair exclaimed to the niece that she could never finish unless Kossuth would give her a regular sitting. The next day she was surprised to receive a visit from Kossuth, who asked permission to look at the "flower piece" he heard she was painting. On being shown the portrait he at first was very indignant, but finally said: "Well, now that thou hast succeeded so well, I suppose I must help thee to finish the canvas. I cannot afford to spoil the artistic reputation of one of my fair countrywomen." The next day the sittings commenced and to her satisfaction she was enabled to finish the portrait.

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Social and Personal.

The excessive heat on Tuesday last did not prevent several hundreds of Toronto's elite from enjoying the garden party given at The Hall on that afternoon. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski received their guests under the shade of the beautiful trees, assisted by General and Mrs. Sandham, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski and Miss Gzowski. The band of the Queen's Own played soft melodies in the distance. Among so many beautiful toilettes it is difficult to discriminate, but the most noticeable were: Mrs. Nordheimer, in a gown of soft shade of heliotrope, with narrow black stripes, bonnet with the most exquisite shading in sweet peas for its principal garbure; Mrs. Langmuir, in black lace, with apple green velvet, bonnet to match, with iris and green leaves; Miss Langmuir, in cream with gold-colored satin puffed sleeves; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, in white china silk, with multitudinous frills upon the sleeves of the same, edged with black; Mrs. Goldwin Smith, in gray moire, with exquisite chintilly flounces draped across the front and around the train; Mrs. Bankes, in black satin of perfect cut, large picture hat with roses; Lady Gzowski wore a black silk grenadine, and Mrs. Sandham black silk with blue ruffled sleeves. Many pretty organdie muslins were worn. Mrs. J. D. Hay looked charming in one with large Maud Muller hat, very long sleeves with lace falling over the hand. Miss Maude Yarker also wore an organdie muslin with very pretty chip hat with blue feathers. Miss Dawson wore a blue dress with guipure lace and extremely pretty and becoming chip hat with blue tips. Miss Aileen Dawson was similarly arrayed with pink as the prevailing color instead of blue. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was in a black silk with green velvet down the seams, *chapeau* with roses; Miss Kirkpatrick, in fawn with shot silk sleeves; Mrs. David Macpherson, the bride, wore a shot cord dress of fawn and pink, white sailor hat. Her husband received many congratulations from old friends upon his recent marriage. Mrs. Becket nee Macpherson wore an exquisite Paris costume; Miss Amy Campbell, a soft shade of cream nun's veiling; Mrs. J. D. Edgar wore a blue crinkled saphyr with guipure lace; Miss Wilkie was in pink; Mrs. Walter Barwick in heliotrope; also Mrs. Bruce Harman. Among the many were: Sir David Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Larratt Smith, Miss Crooks, the Misses Munro, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Dr. and Mrs. Tyrell, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. Yarker, Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. George Hagarty, Miss Nellie Green, Mr. and Mrs. Lemesurier, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Morris, Mrs. D. W. Oliver, Mr. Blackstock, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. Oliver Howland, Sir William Howland, Miss Cosens, Mrs. Wilkie, Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Captain Burns, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. W. Baines, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Skae, Mrs. A. Campbell and Mrs. Cumberland.

Mrs. Totten of St. George street entertained a small party at supper on Sunday evening. Among those present were: Miss De Latre Street, Miss Labatt, Mr. McMurrich, Mr. Ernest Thompson and others.

Mrs. Finch of Ontario street entertained a small party at an informal evening last Tuesday.

Mrs. Barnett of Gloucester street will summer in New Brunswick.

A very pretty flower tea was given by a clever hostess in the West End last Tuesday. It was a high tea, served at five quartette tables, each of which carried out a floral design in all its appointments, and the lady guests wore gowns of the appropriate color. The lilac table was very elegant and dainty, with its four pretty women in lilac and white summer frocks of lace and muslin. The buttercup table had four sunny-haired blondes in cream and gold. The rose table, four bright brunettes, with frocks of pink and fragrant corsage bouquets of royal roses, pink, white and red, while the forget-me-not table was a delicate motif in palest blue, with four brown-haired ladies neatly garbed, and decorated with the shade and posies of the lovely little forget-me-not. In the center of the group was the tulip table, gorgeous with splendid parrot tulips, and surrounded by lace-robed women, regal and brunette, with knots of yellow, scarlet and blood red ribbons fluttering here and there amid the meshes of the dusky lace. Wasn't it pretty and seasonable and didn't hostess and guests enjoy it?

A World's Fair luncheon is on the tapis. The guests are to be recent visitors to the Exhibition, and the clatter of tongues and the interchange of experiences is going to be something surprising.

Mrs. Willie Murray and family are in Europe.

Miss Way, who is this week the guest of Mrs. A. R. D. Nelson, Lakeview avenue, leaves shortly for Banff.

The Rev. Edward Turquand has come from the South to visit relations in Toronto. I regret to hear that Mr. Turquand's health is not satisfactory.

A large and merry party went on board the Greyhound at noon on Thursday of last week, at the invitation of Mr. T. G. Blackstock and Mr. Albert Gooderham, to sail to Hamilton and witness the naming of their new yacht Cleopatra. Lunch was served on the Greyhound and a most enjoyable trip was made to the place of embarkation. A number of Hamilton ladies and gentlemen were in waiting to see the handsome yacht launched and named. The ceremony was performed by the little Misses Blackstock and Gooderham, one cutting the rope and the other breaking the flask of wine. After the affair was successfully accomplished, the Toronto party returned to the Greyhound and drank success to the handsome Cleopatra in sparkling champagne. Ice cream and other

dainties were served on the return trip, and a very well pleased party reached Toronto about seven o'clock, after a delightful afternoon's outing. Among the guests I remarked: Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Gooderham of Waveney, Mrs. Albert and Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Lottridge, Mr. H. Webster, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Arthur and Mr. Manning.

Mrs. Beatty of Queen's Park gave a garden party on Friday.

The visit of the Spanish caravels will take place on Tuesday next. The ships are expected on Monday evening or Tuesday morning. It is to be hoped that Toronto's welcome will compare favorably with that of Quebec, where the Spaniards received an ovation, and that some attempt at decorations will be made on vessels and waterfront. The Yacht Club will give an afternoon reception and garden party, and the Lieutenant Governor will receive the officers at luncheon. Cards are sent out for a reception at Derwent Lodge by Chevalier and Mrs. Thompson on Tuesday evening from 8.30 to 12 o'clock, at which a large and representative number of the social, literary and artistic circles of our city will meet the foreigners. The caravels on arrival will be moored opposite the Island Park as near to the shore as their draught will permit, that all may have an opportunity of seeing them. During the garden party by the R. C. Yacht Club the Santa Maria will be anchored opposite the Club House, and the guests at the garden party will have an opportunity of going on board.

The closing exercises of the Presbyterian Ladies' College were largely attended by a smart crowd of ladies, with a smaller number of gentlemen. The intense heat did not seem to affect the bright young people who took part in the programme and they played, sang and recited with much *verve* and looked as pretty as pictures while they did so. The hall was crowded both Monday and Tuesday evenings by fashionable and most appreciative audiences. The young ladies of the school occupied the front and presented a charming appearance in their pretty white gowns. On Tuesday evening his Honor the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were present and added *clat* to the proceedings. After an exceedingly interesting programme of recitations and music, and a French dialogue which reflected the greatest credit on the character of the French taught in the college, his Honor took the platform with Principal Macintyre, Inspector Hughes, Rev. Professor Badgley of Victoria University and Rev. Dr. Beattie of Columbia College, S. C. The graduates, in all sixteen, then received their diplomas from the hands of the Lieut. Governor, and when his Honor stepped forward to address the assemblage it was not difficult to understand how his ever genial countenance seemed to brighten from the reflex of the happy, beaming faces before him. He congratulated the ladies on the advantages in such an institution of learning, and on the evidence of thoroughness that characterized everything presented that evening, and, above all, on the grace and modesty, the highest of womanly virtues that were noticeable in word and action. A very pretty incident took place near the close of the proceedings, when Misses Macdougall and Macdonald presented Mrs. Kirkpatrick with a basket of beautiful flowers. After singing the national anthem the honored guests of the evening, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Macintyre, proceeded to the college drawing-room, where were presented many of the ladies and their friends, and where Mrs. Macintyre in her usual genial manner had very thoughtfully ordered refreshments. A brief stay and the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick returned to the Government House, leaving pleasant impressions on the minds of the fair girls who the next morning left for their homes.

The many friends of Mrs. Eliot, sister of Mrs. Boddy, have learned with sincere regret and sympathy of the death of her beautiful little daughter, Marion, after a short illness. A sad coincidence was remarked in the fact that on a telegram being sent to apprise the stepson of Mrs. Eliot of the event, an answering telegram was received bearing news of his death, which occurred a few hours after that of little Marion.

What the little bird said: That Mr. George T. Blackstock received a warm welcome from his friends and many congratulations on his improved health as he strolled on the velvety lawn at Government House last week. That a recently made matron took the belated from all the sweet girls at the Argonaut A: Home on Saturday. That Miss Hoag, the handsome Newmarket graduate at the School of Elocution last week, deserved floral tributes even more than the fair ones who were honored. That Mr. Frank Polson is the most long-suffering skipper that sails Toronto Bay. That Lady Gzowski and Mrs. Goldwin Smith give delightful afternoons and assemble charming people at them. That Dug Macdougall saved a good many boxes of candy for his friends when he won the canoe race on Saturday. That a very pretty house and gracious hostess will be *en fete* on Tuesday evening. That several society folks are brushing up their French and Spanish to be ready for the foreign invasion by water. That St. Matthias' church was a bower of floral beauty in honor of the marriage of the rector's daughter on Wednesday. That the Spanish colors are clear canary yellow and bright red. That the bird would sing the Spanish national anthem if it knew how. That perhaps Miss L. Harvey of the Presbyterian Ladies' College would play Mandolinata instead. That four of the young lady graduates of the college will have a long way to go home, hailing from Georgia, Montana, Portage la Prairie and Victoria, B.C. That some very pretty girls are buying bicycles. That a certain *fiance* couple should reserve their tenderness for home consumption. That the weather is too warm for concerts, and that the married portion of Upper Canada College staff ought to be proud of their wives.

Mrs. Charles Nelson's tea in honor of her guest, Miss Bessie Clarke, attracted a large

number of ladies to the elegant Nelson home in Rosedale last Thursday afternoon. The reception-room was beautifully decorated with pink rosebuds and guilder roses, which formed an overmantel of fragrance and beauty at the south end of the drawing-room. Mrs. Nelson received in a rich gown of fawn and white striped silk. Miss Clarke was in white striped silk, with a very becoming *coiffure*. A bevy of young ladies were in the dining-room dispensing delicacies from a charmingly decorated buffet. Among these dainty maidens, Miss Hees, in a quaint white dotted muslin frock, was very sweet and attentive; Miss Jarvis, in dove gray and pink, looked lovely; Miss Muriel Massie, with her pretty curls clustered round her mignonette countenance, was a picture in white muslin. Several others assisted Mrs. Nelson in seeing after the entertainment of her guests. The Italian orchestra played sweetly during the afternoon. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. Massie, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. and Miss Davies, the latter in a very becoming heliotrope and gray costume and large picture hat; Mrs. and Miss Darling, Mrs. J. E. and Miss Thompson, Mrs. Jack King, in a lovely gown with royal purple velvet bretelles modishly embroidered; Miss King, in a very chic costume and small toque; Mrs. Burns, in black with white vest; Mrs. George Dickson, in heliotrope and white, with large hat; Mrs. Street Maclellan, also in heliotrope and white, with deep lace draperies and dainty *chapeau*; Mrs. James Smith, in fawn cashmere and silk; Mrs. and Miss Macfarlane of Jarvis street; Mrs. Hees in fawn rep, and Mrs. Haas in a delicately tinted gown and pretty waist; Mrs. Goulding looked handsome in pale gray and green; Mrs. Akers was daintily dressed in white; Mrs. Chapman wore a handsome fawn brocade; Mrs. and Miss Parrin, Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Ernest Wood, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss Hamilton, the Misses MacMurchy, and a number of others.

Mr. Charles Botsford sailed last Saturday for Europe.

Mrs. McCaul and her daughter, Mrs. Alan Macdougall, are spending the summer at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Dr. McDonagh has left the city for a two months' trip to Japan.

Miss Maude Beard of Montreal is in town for a few days on her way to Detroit, to join a party for the World's Fair.

Miss Mabel Arthurs is staying with friends on Grange avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Medland sail to-day on the Parisian for Europe.

Judge Falconbridge is laid up at his home on Pembroke street with a broken arm.

The Toronto College of Music give their closing concert in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening. A splendid programme is arranged for this occasion.

A pleasant wedding ceremony took place at St. Mary's church last Tuesday morning, it being the marriage of Miss Annie Cummings, a well known young lady of this city, to Mr. John E. MacMahon of Elmira, N.Y. Miss Calla Devaney acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Gus Gough of Peterboro' acted as groomsmen. Everything passed off very pleasantly. After the wedding breakfast the bride and groom left for the States.

Miss Mary Patterson of Agincourt and her sister, Mrs. McNair of Crawford street, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Gray of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie McLaren of Philadelphia and their little daughter Lenore are visiting for a few weeks at the residence of Mr. J. F. McLaren, Avenue road. Miss Bessie McLaren, who has been with them for several months, accompanied them.

Messrs. E. F. Clarke and L. P. Krebs left town on Monday evening for Montreal.

Mrs. Kittson of Hamilton was in town on Saturday.

Miss Stewart returned to Hamilton on Saturday.

D'Alton McCarthy, Q. C., is en route for Liverpool.

Miss E. H. Belford has returned to Ottawa.

The Earl and Countess of Derby will sail for England by the Sardinian on July 16.

The gold medal given by George A. Cox of Toronto, president of management of Whitby College, was won by Miss Lawless of Grafton.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Walsh and daughter, of O'angeville, were this week the guests of Mrs. Dowker, Bloor street.

Dr. J. B. Hall, whose long and serious illness has caused his many friends great anxiety, is now convalescent and will shortly be able to return to Toronto. Everyone will be glad to welcome the doctor and his popular wife home again.

The Rev. Mr. Owen, assistant minister of St. Peter's church, has accepted duty elsewhere, and will shortly remove from Toronto. On Tuesday evening the teachers of St. Peter's Sunday school presented their esteemed young cleric with a photographic group of the staff.

The Argonaut Rowing Club held their first At Home of the season on Saturday afternoon. The pretty and commodious club house was crowded with a stylish party of guests. The afternoon was very bright and the water ideally smooth. The various races were followed by a smart party on board Mr. Frank Polson's private yacht, which was crowded on every trip by those anxious to see the races in such a pleasant manner. Mr. Polson's kind hospitality was taxed without mercy, but no one could leave behind such an eager and pretty bevy of femininity as swarmed over the side of the yacht. On the veranda of the club house I remarked: Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Moss, Mrs. Bush Thompson, Mrs. A. R. Denison, Miss Sewell, Mrs. Hume Brown and Miss Macbeth Milligan.

the Misses Macdougall, Mrs. W. Ince, the Misses Wilkes, the Misses Gurney, Miss Catto, Miss May Walker. Some handsome gowns were noticeable. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a very becoming *motif* in shaded green, with the new frilled *gilet* sleeves, and a smart green and black hat with roses; Mrs. Moffatt was in black with a very pretty aureole bonnet of gauze and jet; Mrs. Palmer wore deep green silk with small dashes of color and a becoming little bonnet; Mrs. Hume Brown wore mauve and white French muslin and lace and large white hat; Miss Irene Gurney was in a most effective costume of cream with *cerise* sash and bows and a lovely white hat with plumes; Miss Sewell was prettily gowned in fawn; Mrs. Willie Ince looked charming in a very dainty light gown with pretty hat. The young carmen in cool white flannels and sailor hats were as picturesque and attentive hosts as one could wish for. Dainty refreshments were served and the waiters were kept busy supplying ice cream, strawberries, claret cup and tempting *gateaux* of every description, as well as the inevitable and consoling cup of tea. The thermometer did not deter some light-footed people from enjoying a dance in the airy parlor. The At Home was a success in every way, and another hospitable obligation is added to the account of the Argonaut Club against the *cote* of Toronto.

The Upper Canada College concert on Saturday evening of last week attracted a very elegant audience to the Pavilion, and the programme repaid the attendance. Such an assemblage of good-looking people are not often given stage room in Toronto. The riffling corps were encored for their very natty drill; the marching was beautifully done. Miss Labatt, a very bright and attractive lady, played charmingly. Miss Littlehales, whose *tello* playing is always a treat, was accompanied by her brother and gained much applause. Miss De Latre Street delighted the most critical with her violin solo, and satisfied the eye as well as the ear of the lovers of the beautiful. Miss Gurney's piano solos were a real treat; the selections gave her a chance to show how varied and how perfect are her musically talent and training. Mr. Robinson's Glee Club sang very sweetly, and the young leader gave two songs in an artistic and pleasing manner. Mrs. Martin-Murphy, whom we are happy to borrow from our little sister city, was received and encored with much enthusiasm. Her voice seems to bid defiance to time by growing sweeter and richer every year. Mrs. Murphy wore a quiet and elegant gown of pale rose and black stripes faintly touched with threads of gold brocade. Among those present I remarked: Hon. J. B. Robinson, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Miss Watson, Mrs. Moss and party, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Miss Macbeth Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Maclellan, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Col. and Mrs. Fred C. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Huyck Garrett, Miss Hornbrook, Mr. Lunt, Miss Hill, Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth sailed on Wednesday by the Lake Superior (Beaver Line) for Europe.

Mrs. W. J. Wharin (nee Amy Phillips) will be At Home to her friends at 21 Walker avenue on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will G. Brown, daughter and nurse, are at Clandeboye Place, Center Island, for the summer.

St. Matthias' church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday last, which attracted a large number of ladies from the West End, it being the marriage of the rector's elder daughter, Miss Cecilia Harrison, and Dr. W. Lott Bain of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Dr. Harrison and Rev. F. G. Plummer. The bride looked sweetly pretty and was beautifully gowned in ivory white satin with rich Limerick lace, white passementerie and sprays of orange blossoms—the veil was caught with clusters of blossoms—and carried a bouquet of syringa tied with white ribbon. The bridesmaids, Miss Freda Morgan and Miss Pauline Bain, wore *creme crepon* trimmed with lace and lovely leghorn hats with blush roses, and carried bouquets of roses; Miss Gladys Harrison and Miss Maude Bain, the tiny maids of honor, wore Kate Greenway frocks of white silk, with pretty hats, and carried marguerites. Dr. W. H. Popler was best man, and Mr. E. Sampson and Mr. F. Tenny

Continued on Page Thirteen.



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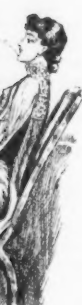
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Out of Town.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.



Little cottages on the river bank this summer.

Mr. Casimir Dickson has been enjoying a week or two among his friends here.

The Misses Kingsmill, accompanied by Mrs. Boulton, arrived last week and are now comfortably settled where the lake breezes will make their temporary home one of the most delightfully cool places in town.

Mrs. Fabian has been stopping for a few days with Mrs. H. Garrett.

Miss Carnochan's cottage on the edge of the lovely old common has been rented by Mr. N. Kerr of Toronto, who with his family will occupy it during the summer.

Miss J. Colquhoun and Mrs. James Scarth have been the guests during the past week of Mrs. Charles Hunter.

The Misses Thompson of Toronto are at Mrs. Miller's boarding-house.

Miss Millard, who accompanied her aunt, Mrs. Robert Ball, from California a few weeks ago, is stopping at Holmehurst for the gaieties of the season.

Mrs. J. F. Meredith of Buffalo will spend the summer here with her family.

Miss Patterson of Toronto is at Doyle's Hotel.

Mr. Arthur Paffard and Mr. Ernest Ball spent last Sunday in town.

Mrs. De Forrest of St. Louis is the guest of Mrs. J. Lewis.

Miss McDonald of Toronto and Miss Dennison of Peterborough are stopping with Mrs. J. Gibb.

Mr. Arthur G. bb of New Haven has been spending a few days with his parents here.

The following registered at the Queen's Royal last Saturday: Mr. J. C. McCoy of Toronto, Mr. H. H. Seymour of Buffalo, Miss Alice Milligan, Mr. K. Evans, Mr. A. E. K. Greer, Mr. Archie Downey of Chicago, Mr. J. Beatty of New York, Mr. F. T. Chapin of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Beswick, Mr. J. D. Thorburn of Toronto, Mr. D. B. Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Miss Young of Toronto, Mr. C. W. Morten of Niagara Falls, Miss E. Arthurs, Mr. Sidney Green, Mrs. F. B. Miller, Miss M. Arthurs, Mrs. Manning, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brett, Mr. and Mrs. Riordan, Miss Bunting, Miss Riordan, Mrs. and Mr. E. H. Bickford, Mrs. Henniman, Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. Clarence A. Bogart, Mr. Strachan Johnston, Mr. C. S. Benedier, Mr. H. B. Crawford, Miss Miller and Miss B. Miller of Buffalo, Mrs. J. S. and Miss C. M. Hendrie, Mr. M. Turnbull of Hamilton, Mrs. J. K. Kerr of Toronto, and the following party from St. Catharines: Mrs. Forest, Miss E. Bate, Miss King, Miss A. May, Miss B. McLaren, Miss Nickle, Miss Bessie Clark, Miss Farmer, Miss E. Lech, Mrs. W. P. Helliwell, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Carter, Mr. H. Compin, Mr. E. M. Bate and Mr. P. Helliwell.

The first hop of the season at the Queen's Royal last Saturday was a decided success. Although the evening was unpleasantly warm and fair complexioned suffered seriously in consequence, the long ball-room with its soft, incandescent lights and perfect floor was comfortably filled from nine o'clock, when the strains of an inspiring waltz announced the opening of the programme, until the hands of the large clock in the dining room pointed to within a few minutes of twelve. Neither were the wide verandas forsaken. On the contrary they were almost as crowded as the ball-room, for no matter what may be the temperature inside there is always a delightful breeze from the lake, and numbers preferred sitting out on Saturday evening, enjoying the cool and the delights of quiet conversation, to the gayer scene within. Consequently, from end to end of the long veranda could be seen the flutter of light dresses in striking contrast to the dark uniforms of the yachtsmen, or the more brilliant ones of the officers from camp. Among those present were: Col. and Mrs. Otter, Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. J. Cawthra, Mrs. J. Gibb, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Milloy, Miss Cameron, Mrs. M. Boulton, Mr. P. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Daisy Boulton, the Misses Thompson, Mr. J. and Miss K. Russell, Miss Arthurs, Miss Hendrie, Miss B. Clarke, Mr. Percy Helliwell, Dr. H. Merritt, Mr. A. Downey, Miss Katie Merritt, Miss Alice Bunting, Miss M. McDonald, Miss Bate, Miss Denistoun, Capt. Mutton, Lieut. Armstrong, Mr. Rogers, Lieut. Hill, Lieut. Palmer, Mr. W. and Miss Geale, Mr. Ernest Ball, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mrs. and Miss Riordan, Miss Milligan, Col. Irwin, Dr. J. Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. G. Warren, the Misses Robert, Mrs. J. W. Anderson, the Misses Ince, Mr. A. Gibb, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Wilkinson of Fort Niagara, Mr. G. and the Misses Bernard, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Capt. Laurie, Capt. G. Smith, Mrs. Henniman, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Greer, Mr. Mee, the Misses Howe, Miss Winnett, Mr. and Mrs. Truitt, Mrs. Ball, Capt. and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. Rogers of Niagara Falls, Mrs. McCaul, Major Buchan, Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Cosby and Mr. Bickford. Some of the costumes worn were remarkably pretty, and needless to say, many of the wearers equally so, among them Miss Bunting, who looked lovely in black; Miss Riordan, whose fair beauty also showed to great advantage in a very pretty black gown; Miss Marjorie Campbell, in white and black

with a wide white hat trimmed with large soft bows of white and black; Miss Miller, a charming little American, who looked very captivating in blue, the bodice of which was finished with handsome point lace; Miss Cameron, in black net, trimmed with rows of narrow yellow ribbon; Mrs. Riordan wore a noticeably handsome gown of rich corded silk in stripes of delicate cream and peach pink, and dainty little shoes of undressed gray kid; Miss Hodgins looked as queenly as usual in cream and moss-green silk; Miss Arthurs was very much admired in an exquisitely made gown of white satin; Miss Daisy Boulton was very petite and pretty in white silk; Miss Thomson wore a very becoming costume of white and yellow striped gauze; Mrs. Truitt, another fair little Buffalonian, was in white silk; Miss Clarke, yellow and white; Miss Bate, black net; Miss Mabel Ince, gray cashmere with full sleeves and girde of violet velvet; Miss Daisy Ince, blue cashmere with a pretty, carelessly arranged corsage bouquet of daisies; Miss Edith Russell, blue Liberty silk; Mrs. G. Warren, lavender and white silk; Miss Wilkinson of Fort Niagara, crimson silk and white lace; Miss Winnett, white silk; Miss B. Roberts, yellow cashmere; Miss Milligan, mauve with violet ribbon velvet; Miss Geddes, cream and blue; Miss Milloy, black net and lace; Miss Howe, black net; Miss McDonald, white Swiss muslin.

All the Chautauque cottages have been taken for the coming season, and never has the hotel looked as attractive and inviting as it does at present. Under Mrs. Duckworth's management the dining-room has all been done over and re-arranged, and from garret to basement the whole building presents a most deliciously fresh appearance. Under the present management it cannot be anything but a very popular resort this summer.

The officers in camp have been unusually gay this year, and luncheons, dinners and five o'clock teas have been daily events along the lines.

Brookville.

The Fuld-Rees Orchestra furnished the music for the Two Johns company on Wednesday night.

No. 2 Company, 42nd Batr. left for their annual drill at Kingston on Tuesday, Capt. A. B. McLean commanding.

Miss Lizzie Ellis of Gananoque is a guest of Mrs. C. W. Taylor.

Mrs. Irwin Stuart of Morrisburg is visiting Mrs. H. T. Fitzsimmons.

Miss Lizzie Richardson of Gananoque is a guest of Mrs. J. P. Byers, East Pine street.

Mr. Alf. Turner and family, of Montreal, have taken Dr. Kinney's cottage at Hillcrest for the summer.

Messrs. Frank Temple of Los Angeles, Cal., and Chas. E. Fulford of this town left for Carlsbad, Germany, on Monday.

The Ogdensburg Jubilee Singers (amateur) of Ogdensburg, N.Y., held forth in the Opera House on Monday night and were greeted with a bumper house. The steamer Algona and Massina were chartered to bring up the Ogdensburg contingent. The programme was made up principally of old-fashioned plantation melodies, which were extremely well rendered, and wound up with a grand finale, The Cake Walk, in which the elite of the 'Burg participated.

Mr. Hawley of Troy, N.Y., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kincaid at Fernbank.

Mr. James Worthington of Toronto, formerly of this town, is paying us a short visit.

Mr. E. F. Kohl of Molson's Bank, and family, have gone to Charleston Lake to look after some black bass in which Mr. Kohl has an interest.

Prof. Barch, a distinguished conductor, has been appointed to the leadership of the Island City Band. This organization was formerly known as the Gananoque Carriage Co. Band and was well known in Toronto, as they took a prominent part in the musical programme at the Exhibition.

The Dr. Williams Medical Co. are exhibiting a rouble sent them by the Czar of Russia for some Pink Pills.

Hon. C. F. Fraser and family have taken possession of their cottage at Union Park for the summer. The opposition beneath the surface of the old St. Lawrence has the same wholesome respect for the commissioner that is displayed by the other Opposition in the House, for, as with the latter, he allows them no quarter, be they pie or pickarel.

Mr. J. C. Judd of Morton is in town.

Mr. Geo. M. Reid of London is here.

Mr. Kivas Tully of Toronto arrived here on Friday.

Mrs. C. J. Dresser of Montreal is visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Webster have taken the Wood cottage at Fernbank for the summer.

The Hon. W. J. and Dr. Christie are at the Turkish Bath Sanitarium, Montreal.

Capt. Streetfield of the Governor-General's staff was a guest at the Revere on Friday.

Mr. J. N. McHenry was a guest of his brother-in-law, H. B. White, while in town last week.

The cottages up the river are rapidly filling up. Among the latest to arrive are Mr. Fred Kelly and family of Montreal. Brock.

Belleville and Massawaga Park

Massawaga Park is an ideal place to spend the summer. A fine hotel, cottages to be had by those who prefer them, shady groves, water, breezes and bass, maskinonge and other fish in abundance. These are the charms of Massawaga Park. It was to this picturesque spot Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Warrington invited some hundred and twenty-five of their friends on Friday of last week. The steamers Annie Gilbert and Nellie Cuthbert left the Belleville dock at four p.m. with Mrs. Warrington's party of guests, all clad in graceful and natty yachting suits, and sailed down the bay as far as Deseronto, and then returned to Massawaga Park, where a *recherche* supper was awaiting them. The Odafellows' orchestra accompanied them, and at nine o'clock dancing commenced in the pavilion, which was kept up until twelve, when a most elaborate luncheon was served. The party returned to the city at two a.m. Mrs. Warrington is considered Belleville's first entertainer, and Friday's entertainment fully kept up her reputation. Neither trouble nor expense was spared

in order that her guests should have a pleasant time, and since Friday one hears nothing but praise of Mrs. Warrington's party. It was given in honor of Mr. Warrington's sister, Miss Warrington of England, and Miss McShane of Montreal. Among those present were: Hon. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss McShane of Montreal, Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Hulme, Mrs. Leitch, Mrs. Lord of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Corby, Miss Helen Corby, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Pope, Mrs. S. A. Lazier, the Misses Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Daw, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Miss Stella Proctor of Brighton, Mr. and Miss Starling, the Misses Stinson, Miss Mabel Burdette, Mrs. and Miss Dickson, Miss Wragge, Miss Carre, Miss Denmark, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. and Miss Davy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lingham, Miss May Lingham, Mrs. (Col.) Campbell, Miss Campbell, Miss O'Hare, Miss Eagan, Miss Wolff, Miss Elliot, and Messrs. Lazier, Dupuis, Hulme, H. Tuompson, Smart, Stroud, Giller, Morden, O'Flynn of Madoc, Campbell, Helliwell, Laidlaw, Hope, Roberts, Masson, McCaulay, H. Biggar, Lucemoor, Dr. Cook and Dr. McColl.

Among those staying at the Park House are: Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stewart of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Turner of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and family of Toronto, Mr. Chamberlain of Toronto, Messrs. McKenzie, Fraser, Jackson, Masson and Walker, of Toronto, Mr. Jamieson of St. Paul, Miss Williamson, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. McLean of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Grant, Mr. Starling and Miss Warrington of England, Mrs. Fred Warrington of Montreal. A party of twenty-three will arrive from St. Paul at the Park House, July 1. BETSEY.

Barrie

The Rockforest lawn of the Ladies' Tennis Club presented a gay and festive appearance last Saturday afternoon and evening, the occasion being an opening At Home given by the above club. A prettier scene can hardly be imagined. The spacious lawn, surrounded by trees and dotted with brightly dressed and happy people, presented a pretty sight. Refreshments of a light and cooling character were served from a tent, under the able management of Misses B. Stewart, M. Cotter and M. Baker. Tennis, bowls and archery were indulged in till the gathering darkness warned the players that the time for closing had arrived. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cotter, Miss Cotter, Mrs. and Miss Way, Mrs. S. Bird, Miss R. Bird, Judge and Mrs. Boys, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. W. A. Boys, Misses M. and K. Boys, Mrs. and Miss H. Stewart, Mr. D. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. L. Keating, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Esten, Miss Esten, Miss H. Murphy, Mrs. H. Howson, Misses N. and M. Baker, Mr. T. Baker, Mrs. and Miss Holmes, Rev. Canon and Miss Reiner, Mrs. L. Beatty, Misses S. and J. Forsyth, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. G. McCarthy, Misses K. and O. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. W. O'Brien, Miss B. O'Brien, the Misses Cooper, Mrs. J. Webster, Mrs. C. E. Hewson, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. W. Ault, Mr. and Mrs. Radenhurst, Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Misses W. and E. Spry, Mrs. C. Lett, Miss B. Dymont, Sir Cornelius Kortright, Messrs. C. and H. Kortright, Messrs. P. and R. Kortright, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Capt. Whish, Misses L. and C. Whish, Miss Bolster, Mrs. J. H. McKeggie, Mrs. Vanstarr, Mr. and Mrs. John Dickenson, Mr. and Mrs. John Strathy, Miss Brydon, Col. F. Major, the Misses Major, Dr. R. A. Ross, Messrs. H. Choppin, W. Morton Buckland, Forde, F. T. Checkley, P. Stewart, H. Ardagh, J. C. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lount, Mr. and Mrs. G. Raikes, Miss Raikes, and Mrs. John Ardagh.

Miss A. Dymont has gone to Thessalon for the summer.

Mrs. S. M. Wells was visiting in Toronto last week.

Dr. Chas. Bird has left to enter on his duties in Toronto Hospital.

A large number from here enjoyed the complimentary sail on the steamer, City of Collingwood on June 6, and all are loud in her praises, as a boat worth traveling on.

Miss Esten of Toronto is visiting Mrs. G. H. Esten.

Mr. Harry Howson of Toronto spent Sunday in town.

Kingston.

The date of the presentation to City Clerk Flanagan is June 23. Mr. and Miss Flanagan will take a six weeks' holiday at the seaside, commencing July 1.

Gaul's cantata, Joan of Arc, as rendered on Thursday night in the Opera House, may be recorded as another success in local musical circles. The chorus, under the leadership of W. H. Medley, had attained a degree of excellence that has rarely been equaled in Kingston. Special mention might be made of Miss Rose McCartney, Major Galloway and Mr. Sherlock, who fully sustained their reputation in the solos, duet and trio. Miss Shaw at the piano and Mrs. (Capt.) Cochrane at the organ presided in their usual efficient manner.

The second recital in connection with the Ladies' College took place at Closeburn on Saturday. A pianoforte duet, *Je Suis Pret*, by Misses Ferris and Muckleston was very creditably rendered, as was also a piano solo, *Martha*, by Miss Gillard. A valued by Miss L. Cooper was remarkably well played. Miss Nugent also played a piano solo, *Au Matin*, which for so young a performer showed considerable talent. Miss Worswick sang *Alone on a Raft* with much feeling and expression, and Miss Stickey sang two selections in her usual effective manner. Miss Power gave two songs with a good deal of taste. Recitations by Miss Jessie McPherson, Miss Hague, Miss Leslie and Miss Ferris were rendered, showing considerable study in their preparation. Altogether the recital was a great success and speaks well for the training the pupils are receiving at this school.

John Hett has gone on a two weeks' visit to Chicago.

E. B. Cuff of Watertown is in the city visiting friends.

A picnic and dance at Wilder's Grove by the Sylvan Club, comprising S. Elliott, S. McAdoo, F. Irvine and J. Woods, was attended by several hundred people, including a van full of

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THE TIGER LILY

THE STORY OF A WOMAN.

By G. MANVILLE FENN

Author of "Black Blood," "The Parson of Dumford," "The Master of the Ceremonies," "A Mint of Money," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER X.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY.

Armstrong's teeth and hands were clenched for the encounter with the angry husband who had tracked his wife to the studio, and he was ready to accept his fate, for he told himself that he could fight no more against his destiny. The woman had told him that he would defend her, and he must—

There was no feeling of dread then in his breast as he advanced to the encounter, but only to stop speechless with amazement as Pacey entered in his abrupt, noisy manner, to grasp his hand and clap him on the shoulder.

"Armstrong, old man," he cried loudly, "I could not stand it any longer. You and I must be friends. I believe you told me the truth, lad. I do for my soul. La Bella Donna told me Miss Montecquieu was here, but I thought that wouldn't matter, as she wouldn't be sitting at this time."

Dale could not speak; he was paralyzed. "Don't hold off, old lad," said Pacey, in a low tone. "We must make it up. Any apology when she's gone."

He turned sharply to where the Contessa stood, closely veiled, and nodded to her familiarly.

"Glad you and Mr. Dale have come to terms. Many engagements on the way?"

There was no reply, but the tall, proud figure seemed to stiffen, and there was a flash of the eyes through the veil at Armstrong, who now recovered his voice, while his heart sank low within him.

"Go now," he said; "at once."

"Oh, Montecquieu won't mind my being here. But do you really—"

He stopped speaking as he realized for the first time that it was not the model he had heard was sitting to his friend. He stared at her hard, as if puzzled, then at the canvas, where the beautiful sketch gazed at him fiercely, and he grasped in his own mind the situation.

The paint was wet and glistening; this was the model who had been sitting for the face, and it could be none other than the Contessa.

A change came over him on the instant. His brows knit, the free, noisy manner was gone, and he took off his hat, to say with quiet dignity, as he bent his head, but in a voice husky with the pain he felt:

"I beg Lady Dellatoria's pardon for my rudeness. I was mistaken," and he turned to go.

"Stay, sir," she cried, in her low, deep and musical tones; "my visit to your friend is over. Mr. Dale, will you see me to my carriage? It is waiting."

She held out her hand to him, and, pale now with emotion, Armstrong advanced to the door, which he opened, and then offered his arm, which she took, and he led her down to the hall in silence.

"Your imprudence has ruined you," he said then bitterly, "and disgraced me in the eyes of my friend."

"No," she said softly. "You can trust that man. He would die sooner than injure a woman because she loves. Now I am at rest. You will come to me, for I have won. You see," she continued, as Armstrong mechanically opened the door, and she stepped out proudly on to the steps, "I have no fear. Let the world talk as it will."

A handsomely appointed carriage drew up and a footman sprang down to open the door, while Dale, who moved as if he were in a dream, handed her in, she touching his arm lightly and sinking back upon the cushions.

"I shall expect you to-morrow then, Mr. Dale," she said aloud, "at the usual time." Then, to the servant, "Home."

Armstrong stood at the edge of the pavement, bareheaded, till the carriage turned the corner out of the square, and then, still as if in a dream, he walked in, closed the door, and ascended to the studio to face his friend.

Pacey was standing with his hands behind him, gazing at the face upon the canvas. He did not stir when Dale took a couple of steps forward into the great, gloomy, darkening room, waiting for an angry outburst of reproaches.

But a full minute must have elapsed before a word was uttered, and then Pacey said slowly, and in the voice of one deeply moved:

"Is she as beautiful as this?"

Dale started, and looked wonderingly at his friend.

"I say, is she as beautiful as this?" repeated Pacey, still without turning his head.

"Yes; I have hardly done her justice."

"A woman to win empires—to bring the world to her feet," said Pacey slowly. "Beautiful as an angel" is a blunder, lad. Such as she cannot be of heaven's mould, but sent to drag men down to perdition. Armstrong, lad, I pity you. I suppose there are men who would come seatless through such a trial as this, but they must be few."

There was another long pause, and Pacey still gazed at the luminous face upon the canvas.

"Is that all you have to say?" said Dale at last.

"Yes, that is all, man. How can I attack you now? I knew that you had been tempted, and, in spite of appearances, I believed your word. I thought you had not fallen, and that I had been too hasty in all I said. Now I can only say once more, I pity you, and feel that I must forgive."

Dale drew a deep breath, which came hissing through his teeth as if he were in pain.

"Let's talk Art now, boy," said Pacey, taking out his pipe, and going to the tall mantelpiece he took down the tobacco jar, filled the bowl, lit up, and began to smoke with feverish haste, as he threw one leg over a chair, resting his arms upon the back, and gazing frowningly at the face, while Dale stood near him with folded arms.

"From the earliest days men gained their

inspiration in painting and sculpture from that which moved them to the core," said Pacey slowly and didactically. "Yes, I believe in inspiration, lad. We can go on working, and studying, and painting, as you Yankees say, 'our level best,' but something more is needed to produce a face like that."

He was silent again, and sat as if fascinated by the work before him.

"What am I to say to you, lad?" he continued at last. "It is like sacrificing everything—honor, manhood, all a man should hold dear, to his art, but as a brother artist, what am I to say? I am dumb as a man, for I have seen her here and felt her presence. There was no need for me to look upon her face. It is beautiful indeed. I say that as the man. As the artist who has done so little for myself—"

"So much for others," said Dale quickly.

"Well, you fellows all believe in me and the hints I give, and some of you have made your mark pretty deep. Yes, as the man who has studied art these five and twenty years, I say this is wonderful. It did not take you long?"

"No."

"Of course not. There is life and passion in every touch. You must finish that, my lad, and we will keep it quiet. No one must see that but us till you send it in. Armstrong, boy, you are one of the great ones of earth. I knew that you had a deal in you, but this is all a master's touch."

"You think it is so good then?" said Dale sadly.

"Think it good! You know how good it is. Better perhaps than you will ever paint again; but, would to God, my lad, that you had not sunk so low to rise so high."

Dale sank into a chair, and let his face fall forward upon his hands, while Pacey went on slowly, still gazing at the canvas.

"Yes," he said, "it wanted that. All the rest is excellent. That bit of imitation of Turner comes out well. The man wants more feeling in the face—a little more of the unmasked—but this dwarfs all the rest as it should. Armstrong, lad, it is the picture of the year. There," he continued, "my pipe's out, and I think I'll go. But be careful, lad. Don't touch that face more than you can help, and only when she is here."

Dale laughed bitterly.

"Why do you laugh? Is it such bad advice?"

"Yes."

And he partly told his friend how the work was done—leaving out all allusion to Cornel, Pacey hearing him quietly to the end.

"I am not surprised," he said at last. "What you say only endorses my ideas. Good-bye, lad; I'll go."

He rose from the chair, tapped the ashes out of his pipe, looking at them thoughtfully, and picked up his hat from where he had cast it upon the dusty floor. He then turned to face Dale, holding out his hand, but the artist did not see it, and sat buried in thought.

"Good-bye, old lad," said Pacey again.

Dale sprang to his feet, saw the outstretched hand, and drew back, shaking his head.

"Shake hands," said Pacey again, more loudly.

"No," said Dale bitterly; "you cannot think of me as of old."

"No, but more warmly perhaps, for there is pity mingled with the old friendship that I felt. I came here this afternoon, as school-boys say, to make it up. I was in ignorance then; now I have eaten of the bitter fruit, and know. Armstrong, lad, knowing all this, and as one who with all his reckless Bohemianism and worldliness has kept up one little habit taught by one long dead, how can I say 'forgive me my trespasses' to-night if, with such a temptation as yours, I can't forgive?"

Dale gazed at him wildly, and Pacey went on.

"The bond between us two is stronger now, lad, so strong that I think it would take death to snap the cord. Good-bye. If you do not see me soon it is not that we are no longer friends."

Then their hands joined in a firm grip, and Pacey slowly left the room, muttering to himself as he passed out into the square:

"Fallen so low, to rise so high. Yes, I must save him, and there is only one way in which it can be done."

CHAPTER XI.

JAGGS MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Letter after letter, which had remained unanswered.

"Their scent sickens me," Dale cried passionately, as he committed them to the flames unread, for he frankly owned to himself that he dare not read them, lest he should falter in the resolution he had made.

For he had struggled hard to fight against his fate and though tied and tangled by the threads which still clung to him, he had mockingly told himself that he was not mad enough to venture into the spider's web again.

Then, twice over, he had hastily drawn a curtain in front of his great picture upon Keren-happuch coming up to the studio to bring in a card—the Conte's—and bit his lip with rage and mortification as that gentleman was shown up in company with Lady Grayson.

The visit on the first occasion was to complain about Dale's curt refusal to go on with the picture; and the young artist haltingly gave as his reason that it was impossible for him to complete Lady Dellatoria's portrait on account of a large work that he was compelled to finish. And all the while Lady Grayson, with the reckless effrontery of her nature, looked at him mockingly, her eyes laughingly telling him that he was a poor, weak coward, and that she could read him through and through.

Then came the second visit with the wretched Italian, blindly, or knowingly, to use him as a screen for his own amours, almost imploring him to come.

"Lady Dellatoria is so disappointed," he said volubly. "She takes the matter quite to heart. No doubt, Mr. Dale, there is a little vanity in the matter—the desire to be seen in the exhibition, painted by the famous young American artist."

"There are plenty of men, sir, who would gladly undertake the commission," said Dale angrily. "I beg that you will not ask me again."

"Mr. Dale, you are cruel," cried Lady Grayson. "Our poor Contessa will be desolate. Let me plead for you to come and finish the work."

"Aha, yes," cried the Conte, wrinkling up his face, though it was full enough before of premature lines. "A lady pleads. You cannot refuse her."

Dale gave the woman a look so full of contempt and disgust that she colored and then turned away, shrugging her shoulders.

"He is immovable," she said to the Conte.

"No, no! Body of Bacchus! I understand," and he placed his finger to his lips, and half closing his eyes signed to Dale to step aside with him. "Mr. Dale," he whispered, "Lady Dellatoria has set her mind upon this, and I see now; a much more highly paid commission that you wish to do for someone. That shall not stand in the way. Come, I double the amount for which we—what do you name it? Ah, yes, bargained."

"No, sir," he cried; "it is not a question of money. No sum would induce me to finish that portrait."

"Ah, well, we shall see," said the Conte. "Do not be angry, my young friend. Lady Dellatoria will be eaten by chagrin. But we will discuss the matter no more to-day. Good morning."

He held out his hand to Lady Grayson, but she did not take it. She moved toward Dale and held out her gloved hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Dale," she said merrily.

"You great men in oil are less approachable than a prime minister." Then in a low tone: "It is not true, all this show of opposition. I am not blind."

She turned and gave her hand to the Conte, and they left the studio, Armstrong making no effort to show them out, but standing motionless till he heard the door close, when, with a gesture of contempt and disgust, he threw open the windows and lit his pipe.

A minute later he had thrown the pipe aside and taken out Cornel's letter to read; but the words swam before his eyes, and he could only see the face hidden behind that curtain.

"Poor little talisman!" he said, sadly apostrophizing the letter, "you have lost your power. Evil is stronger than good after all."

"Good-bye, little one," he continued, "for ever. You would forgive me if you knew all, for I am drifting—drifting, and my strength has gone."

Two days passed—a week, and hour by hour he had waited, fully expecting that Valentina would come. He shrank from the meeting, but felt that it must be, for her influence seemed to be over him sleeping or waking, her eyes always gazing into his.

But she did not come. Only another note, and this he read in its brevity, for it only contained these words:

"You will drive me to my death."

"Or me to mine," he muttered, as he burned the letter; and then in a raging desire to crush down the thoughts which troubled him, he turned to his work.

"Never!" he cried fiercely. "I will not go. If she comes here—well, if she does. That mockery of a man will track her some day, and then, in spite of English law, there will be a meeting, and he will kill me. I hope so. Then there would be rest."

The picture which he had now stubbornly set himself to finish, as if he were urged by some unseen power, progressed but slowly. The Emperor came to sit, and tried to mould his features into the desired aspect with more or less success, but in spite of enquiries and interview after interview with different models recommended by brother artists as suitable to stand for the figure, Dale's taste was too fastidious to be satisfied, and Juno's face alone looked scornfully from the canvas.

Pacey had been again and again, but only in a friendly way, to chat as of old, sometimes bringing with him Leronde to gossip and fence with, at other times alone. No reference was made to the picture or the past.

"I shall never finish it," said Dale, as he sat alone one day, gazing at his canvas. "What shall I do—go abroad? Joe would come with me, and all this horrible dream might slowly die away."

"No," he muttered, after a pause; "it would not die. Better seek the true forgetfulness. Do all men at some time in their lives suffer from such a madness as mine?"

His musings were interrupted by a step upon the stairs, and he hastily drew the curtain before his canvas.

A single rap which sounded as if it had been given with the knob of a walking stick, came upon the door panel, and directly afterwards in answer to a loud "Come in," Jaggs entered with the knocker in his hand, to wit, a silk umbrella—one of those ingenious affairs formed by sewing all the folds where they have been slit up by wear and tear, and declared by the korb vendor as being better than new—a fact as regards the price.

"Ah, Jaggs, good morning," said Dale.

"But I don't want you. I shall let your face go as it is."

"Quite right, sir," said the man, glancing at the curtain. "Couldn't be better; but I didn't come about that."

"Oh, I see," said Dale sarcastically. "Your banker goes on the continent?"

The Emperor drew himself up, and looked majestic in the face and pose of the head, shambling as to his legs, and extremely deferential in the curve of his body and the position of his hands and arms.

"Mr. Dale," he said, "I don't deny, sir, as there have been times when half a crown has been a little heaven, and a double florin a delight, but I was not again to ask assistance now, though I am still a strugglin' man, and been accustomed to better things. It was not to ask help, sir, as I'd come, but to bestow it, if so be as you'd condescend to accept it of your humble servant, as always feels a pride in your success, not to hide the fact that it does me good, sir, to be seen upon the line."

"Well, what do you mean?" said Dale gruffly.

"I want to see that picture 'one, sir. It'll make our fortune, sir. I'm sure on it, and I say it with pride, there isn't anything as'll touch it for a mile round."

"Thank you, Jaggs; you are very complimentary," said Dale ironically, but the tone was not observed.

"It's on'y justice, sir, and I ain't set going on for twenty years for artists without knowing a good picture when I see one. But that ain't business, sir. You want a model, sir, and that Miss Montecquieu, as she calls herself, won't be here for a month or two, and you needn't expect her. Did you try her as Mr. Pacey calls the Honorable Miss Brill?"

"Fish! I don't want to paint a fish-wife, man."

"No, sir, you don't, and of course Miss Vavasour wouldn't do."

"No, no, no, there is not one of them I'd care to have, Jaggs. If I go on with the figure I shall work from some cast at first, and finish afterward from a model."

"No, sir, don't, pray don't," cried Jaggs. "You'll only make it stiff and hard. It wouldn't be worthy on you, Mr. Dale, sir; and besides, there ain't no need. You're a lion, sir, a regular lion 'mong artists, sir, and you was caught in a net, sir, and couldn't get free, and all the time, sir, there was a little mouse a nibblin' and a nibblin' to get you out, sir, though you didn't know it, sir, and that mouse's name was Jaggs."

"What! You don't mean to say you know of a suitable model?"

"But I just do, sir. That's what I do say, sir."

"No, no," cried Armstrong peevishly. "I don't want to be worried into seeing one of your friends, Jaggs. Your taste and mine are too different for a lady of your choice to suit my work."

"Don't say that, sir," cried Jaggs in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I'm on'y a common sort o' man, I own, sir, but I do know a good model when I see one—I mean one as shows breed. I don't mean one o' your pretty East End girls, with the bad stock showing through, but one as has got good furen breed in her."

"Is this a foreign woman, then?"

"That's it, sir. Comes from that place last where they ketch the little fishes as they sends over here for breakfast—not bloaters, sir, them furren ones."

"Anchovies?"

"No, sir, 'tother ones in tins."

"Sardines?"

"That's it, sir; comes from Sardiney last, but her father was a Ruman. Sort o' patriot kind o' chap as got into trouble for trying to free his country. Them furen chaps is always up to their games, sir, like that their Mr. Lerondy, and then their country's so grateful that they has to come over here to save themselves from being shot."

"But the woman?"

"Oh, she come along with her father, sir, and he's been trying to give Hightalan lessons, and don't get on 'cause they say he don't talk pure, and he's too proud to go out as a waiter and earn a honest living, so the gal's begun going out to sit. But she don't get on nayther, 'cause her figure's too high."

"What, a great giraffe of a woman?"

"Lor bless you, no, sir; 'bout five feet four, I should say. I meant charges stiff; won't go out for less nor arf crown a hour, and them as tried her don't like her 'cause she's so stuck up."

"Look here, Jaggs, is she a finely formed, handsome woman?"

"Well, Mr. Dale, sir, I won't deceive you, but from what I hear her face ain't up to much, and she don't make a pynte o' faces, but I'm told as she's real good for anything, from a Greek statue to a hangel."

"Oh, well, I'll see her. Where does she live?"

"Leather Lane way, sir."

"Address?"

"Ah, that I don't know, sir. I believe it's her father as does the business and takes the money."

"He is her father?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it's all square. I'm told they're very respectable people. Old man's quite the seedy furren gent, and the gal orful stand-offish."

"Tell him to come and bring his daughter, if I don't like her I'll pay for one sitting and she can go."

"Right, sir, and speaking onnest, sir, I do hope as she will turn out all right."

"Thank you. There's a crown for your trouble."

"Oh, sir, that ain't necessary," said the Emperor, holding out his hand. "Oh, well, sir, if you will be so gen'rous, why, 'tain't for me to stop you. Good mornin', sir, good mornin'."

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW MODEL.

Two days passed, and Dale was standing, brush in hand, before his canvas, thinking. He had made up his mind to trust to his imagination to a great extent for the finishing of Juno's figure; this, with the many classic sketches he had made in Greece and Rome, would, he believed, enable him to be, to a great extent, independent. He was in better spirits, for he had heard nothing from Portland Place, and flattered himself that the impression which had troubled him was growing fainter.

"Come in," he cried, as there was a tap at the door and Keren-Happuch appeared, evidently fresh from a study in black lead, and holding a card between a finger and thumb guarded by her apron.

"Here's a model, sir; and she gave this."

Dale took a very dirty card, which looked as if it had lived for some time in an old waistcoat pocket. Printed thereon were the words: "D. Jaggs. Head and face, Roman fathers, etc., and written on the back in pencil and in Jaggs' cramped hand:

"Signora Aratchy Figgers."

"Where is she, Miranda?"

"On the front door mat, sir. And please, Mr. Dale, sir, mayn't I bring you some beef tea?"

"No, thank you, Miranda. Bring up the visitor instead."

"Oh dear! He do worry me," muttered Keren-Happuch. "I do hope he ain't going into a decline."

Dale smiled at the dirty card and waited for the entrance of the new model, who was shown in directly by Keren-Happuch, and immediately in a quick, jerky, excited way looked sharply round the room before turning her face to the artist.

On his side he gazed with cold indifference at his visitor, who, after taking a couple of steps forward, stopped short, and he saw that she was rather tall, wore a closely fitting bonnet, over which a thick, dark, Shetland wool veil was drawn, and was draped from head to foot in a long, black cloak, which had evidently seen a good deal of service.

"Signora Azacel!" said Dale, glancing at the card again and making a shot at her name.

It was evidently correct, for the woman said in a husky voice, as if suffering from intense nervousness:

"Si, si."

"You are willing to stand for me—for this picture?" he said, scanning her closely, but learning nothing respecting her figure on account of the cloak; and he spoke very coldly, for the woman's actions on entering struck him as being angular and awkward; now they were jerky as she raised her hands to her temples.

"No Inglese, signore," she said then excitedly. Then, after an embarrassed pause, "Parlate Italiano? No!"

"No," said Dale, shaking his head.

Her hands again came from beneath her cloak in a despairing gesture. Then, placing one to her forehead, she looked round at the lumber of canvases and properties, as if seeking for a way to express herself, till her eyes lit upon the great uncovered canvas. Bending forward in a quick, alert way, she uttered a low peculiar cry, and almost ran to it, leaned forward again as if examining, and then, with extreme rapidity, pointed to the blank place in the picture where Lady Dellatoria's face stood out weirdly, took a few quick steps aside and back from where Dale stood frowning and annoyed at what seemed to be a hopeless waste of time. Then, with a rapid movement, she unclasped the cloak, swept it from her shoulders, and holding it only with her left hand let it fall in many folds to the floor, while as she stood before him now in a plainly made, tightly fitting, black cloth princess dress, she instinctively fell into almost the very attitude Dale had in his mind's eye, and he saw at once that her figure must be all he desired.

"Bravo!" he cried involuntarily, and with an artist's pleasure in an intelligence that grasps his ideas.

At the word "Bravo!" the woman turned her head quickly.

"Excellent," he continued; "that promises well."

Her face was hidden, but as she shrugged up her shoulders nearly to her ears, and raised her hands with fingers contracted and toward him, he felt that she must be wrinking up her forehead and making a grimace expressive of her vexation.

"Yes, it is tiresome," he said; "but we don't want to talk. I daresay I can make you understand. But I've forgotten every word I picked up in Rome."

"Ah!" cried the woman, with quick pantomimic action, as she changed her attitude again, and leant toward him—"Roma—Roma!"

"Si, si."

"My lord has been in Rome!" she cried, in Italian.

"I think I understand that," muttered Dale, "and

one. Then, aloud, as he pointed with the mahlstick, "La bella mano."
"Aha!" she cried quickly. But she gave her shoulders another shrug, and shook the purse, saying in Italian: "Pel povero padre."
"Padre." For her father, muttered Dale. "Not so sordid as I thought, poor thing. Will you remove your veil?"

She leaned toward him.
"I said will you remove your veil? Hang it, what is veil in Italian. 'Velum' in Latin."

She was evidently trying hard to grasp his meaning, and at the Latin 'velum' she clapped her beautifully formed hands to her veil.
"No, no," she cried haughtily; and then volubly, in Italian: "I am compelled to do this for bread. I do not know you, neither need you know me. My face is not beautiful, and we are strangers. You wish to paint my figure. I will retain my veil."

"I do not understand you, signora, and yet I have a glimmering of what you wish to express," said Dale, as gravely as if his visitor could grasp every word. "There, you seem to be a lady, and—hang it all, this is very absurd, my preaching to you, and you to me. I wish Pacey were here. He speaks Italian like a native. No, poor lass, I suppose they must be starving nearly, or she would not stoop to this. I don't wish Joe Pacey were here."

Then quickly bowing as if accepting her wishes, he made a sign to his visitor to take her attention, and as she watched him from behind her thick veil he walked to the door and turned the key.

Crossing the studio to the farther door, he threw it open, and then drew forward from the end of the great room a large folding screen, which he placed at the back of the dais and opened wide.

"There, signora," he said, "I am at your service," and he pointed to the inner room, turned from her, and walked to the canvas.

The model stood motionless for a moment or two, and then caught up the great cloak from where it lay upon the floor.

"Grazie Signore," she said then with quiet dignity, and she was hurrying across to the inner room, but he arrested her.

"One moment," he said, with grave respect, and the chivalrous manner of a true gentleman toward one whose tones seemed to suggest that she trusted him. "Let us arrange the pose first. Look at the picture, study it well. You see the subject."

Dale continued speaking, but kept on pointing to the scene he had depicted, and to his intense gratification, she threw the cloak across a chair back, gazed intently at the picture for a few moments, letting her eyes rest longest upon the beautiful, scornful face, and then went quickly to the dais, stepped up, turned, and with rare intelligence fell once more into the very position he desired, bettering in fact that which he had sketched at first.
"Eccellensissimo!" he cried; and then she stepped down quickly, and glided into the inner room, while Dale gazed at his painting with a feeling of triumph, sweeping away the morbid feelings which had troubled him so long.

"Art is my mistress after all," he said to himself as he glanced upward to see that the skylight was properly blinded, and then, going to a box, rapidly prepared his palette, armed himself with a sheaf of brushes, and altered the position of his easel a little.

He was hardly ready when he heard the slight rattle of the handle, a faint rustling sound, and the swinging of the door again.

But he did not turn as a light step passed behind him, and a faint creaking sound announced that the model had mounted upon the dais.

He raised his eyes, and she was standing there apparently as he had seen her first, closely veiled, and still draped in the long, heavy, black cloak.

Then, with a quick movement, the long garment was thrown aside, and the model stood before him in the very attitude, and the perfection of her womanly beauty—a beauty made hideous by the ghastly effect produced by the black face and head swathed in the thick veil.

But this passed unnoticed by the artist, who, with a triumphant ejaculation, began to sketch rapidly, as he muttered to himself without vanity:

"Pacey was right; my canvas must be a success."

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE SITTING.

"Yes," said Dale to himself again. "Art is my mistress. I have betrayed one, fought clear of the web of another, and now I am free to keep true to the only one I love."

And all through that visit of the Italian he worked on with a strange eagerness till at what seemed to be the end of an hour at most, his model made a sudden movement.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I ought to have told you to rest before. Stanca?" For he recalled a word meaning fatigued or wearied.

"Si—si," she said quickly and pointed to the

clock on the mantelpiece, when, to his astonishment he saw that the two hours had elapsed and that his model had quickly resumed her cloak. Then, without a word she crossed to the door of the inner room, and about a quarter of an hour later emerged to find him standing back studying his morning's work.

"Grazie," he cried, and then pointed to the roughly sketched figure. "Bravo!" he added, smiling.

She bent her head in a quiet, dignified manner, and raking up another Italian word or two, Armstrong said:

"A rivederla—au revoir."

"Ah, monsieur speaks French!" she cried in that tongue, but with a very peculiar accent.
"Yes, badly," he replied, also in French. "That is good; now we can get on better. Can you come to-morrow at the same time?"

"I am at monsieur's service."

"Then I shall expect you. Thank you for your patient attention. Another time, pray rest when you are fatigued."

She bowed in a stately manner and pointed to the door which he had locked, and as soon as it was unfastened passed out without turning her head.

Dale stood working at his sketch for another hour, and then turned it to the wall, to light his pipe and begin thinking about his model now that he had ceased work.

It was quite mysterious her insisting upon keeping her face covered. Why was it? Had she some terrible disfigurement, or was it from modesty? Possibly. Her manner was perfect. She was evidently miserably poor, and seemed eager to gain money to support her father—he had quite grasped that—and the poor creature being compelled to stoop to this way of earning a little money, she naturally desired to remain incognito. Well, it was creditable, he thought, but the first idea came back. She was evidently a woman gifted by nature with an exquisite form, and at the same time, by accident or disease, her countenance was so marked that she was afraid of her clients being repelled and declining to engage her.

"Ah, well, signora, the mysterious Italiane, I will respect your desire to remain incog. It is nothing to me," said Dale half aloud, as he sent a cloud of blue vapor upward. "I may congratulate myself though on my good fortune in finding such a model."

He sat back in his chair, dwelling upon the figure, and then went twice over to his canvas to compare his work with the figure in his imagination, and returned to his seat more than satisfied. Then he put work aside and began thinking of home, and the sweet, sad face he could always picture, with its eyes gazing reproachfully at him. "Yes," he said with a sigh; "poor darling! It was fate. I was not worthy of her. When the misery and disappointment have died away—heaven bless her!—she will love and be the wife of a better man, unless—unless some day she forgives me—some day when I have told her all."

The next morning he was all in readiness and expectant. The light was good for painting and his mind was more at rest, for there was no letter from the Contessa. But for a few moments he was angry with himself on finding that he felt a kind of pique at the readiness with which she had given up writing her reproaches. But that passed off, and as the time was near for the coming of the model he drew the easel forward to see whether after the night's rest he felt as satisfied with his work as he did the previous day, but he hardly glanced at the figure, for the eyes were gazing at him in a terribly life-like way full of scorn and reproach, and as he met them, literally fascinated by the work to which his imagination lent so much reality, he shuddered and asked himself whether he had after all been able to free himself from the glamor—dragged himself loose from the spell of the Circe who had so suddenly altered the even course of his life.

He was still contemplating the face, and wondering whether others would look upon it with the fascination it exercised upon him, when Keren-Happuch came up to announce the arrival of his model, who entered directly after, to look at him sharply through her thick veil.

He uttered a low sigh full of satisfaction, for her coming was most welcome. It would force his attention to his work.

"Good morning," he said gravely and distinctly in French. "You are very punctual." She bowed distinctly, and then her attention seemed to be caught by the face upon the canvas, and she drew near to it to stand gazing at it attentively.

She turned to him sharply. "The lady who sat for that, why did she not stay for you to finish the portrait?"

Dale started, half wondering, half annoyed by his model's imperious manner.

"It is great!" she said. Then in a quick, eager tone, "The lady you love?"

He was so startled by the suddenness of the question that he replied as quickly:

"No, no. It is not from a model. It is imagination."

"Ah!" she said, and she looked at the picture more closely. "You thought of her and painted. You are very able, monsieur, but I like it not. It makes me shiver, I know not why. It makes me afraid to look."

"Then don't look," said Dale in an annoyed tone.

"You will cover it, please, monsieur. The face is so angry; it gives me dread."

"Pish!" ejaculated Dale. "Very well though. Get ready, please. I want to do a long morning's work."

"Monsieur will pay me," she said, holding out her hand in its well mended glove.

He took out a couple of half-crowns, which she almost snatched, and then without a word pointed to the door almost imperiously.

He nodded shortly, and went to fasten it, while she glided into the inner room, and in a wonderfully short space of time returned ready, took her place upon the dais, dropped the cloak and he began to paint.

"Monsieur has not covered the dreadful face," she said hoarsely.

Without a word he took a square of brown paper, gummed it, and covered the face; then in perfect silence he went on painting, deeply interested in his work as his sketch took softer form and grew rapidly beneath his brush.

But the work did not progress so well as on the previous day; he was painting well, but the black head, so incongruous and weird of aspect, posed upon the beautiful form he was transferring to canvas, irritated him, and as he looked at his model from time to time he could see that a pair of piercing eyes were watching him.

Half an hour had passed when there was a low, weary sigh.

"We will rest a little," he said quietly, and pointing to a chair and the screen, he devoted himself to an unimportant part of the work for some ten minutes, but to be brought back to his model by her words:

"I am waiting, monsieur."

He started, and resumed his work, remembering to pause for his patient model to rest twice over, and then to continue and grow so excited over his efforts, painting so rapidly that he heard another weary sigh he glanced at the clock, and found that he had kept his model quite a quarter of an hour over her time.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," he said. "You must be very weary."

"Yes, very weary," she said sadly, as she moved toward the door, glancing over her right shoulder at the picture. "It is better now. I can look at your work; the dreadful face makes me too much alarmed."

"A strange sitting," he said. "Two veiled faces."

There was a quick look through the thick veil, but she passed on into the room, and in due time passed him on her way, bowed distinctly and went out, leaving Dale motionless by his canvas, gazing after her at the door and conjuring up in his mind the figure he had so lately had before him.

He recovered himself with quite a start, and raised one hand to his forehead.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE'S FEVER.

It was with a novel feeling of anxiety that Dale waited for the coming of his model. A peculiar feverish desire to know more of her position had come over him, and he made up his mind to question her about her father and the cause of his exile. Jaggs had said that he had had to flee for life and liberty, and if he questioned her about these, she would, foreigner-like, become communicative.

It was nothing to him, of course. This woman—lady perhaps, for her words bespoke refinement—would answer his purpose till the picture was finished. She was paid for her services, and when she was no longer required there was an end of the visits to his studio.

He told himself all this as he sat before his great canvas working patiently, filling up portions, and preparing for his model's coming. And as he worked on with the figure as strongly marked as the model, the softly rounded contour of the graceful form began to glow in imagination with life, and at last Dale sprang from his seat, threw down palette and brushes, and shook his head as if to clear it from some strange confusion of intellect.

"How absurd!" he said aloud, and, trying to turn the current of his thoughts, they drifted back at once to his model, and he gazed at his work wondering which of his ideas was correct about her persistently keeping her face covered.

"She cannot be disfigured," he muttered. "It must be for reasons of her own. She is, as I thought, forced to undertake a task that is distasteful to her. I wonder whether her face is beautiful, too."

"Bah! what is it to me?" he muttered angrily. "I do not want to paint her face, and yet it must be very beautiful."

He sat down again before his canvas, thoughtful and dreamy, picturing to himself what her face might be, and the next moment he had seized a drawing-board upon which gray paper was already stretched, picked up a crayon, and with great rapidity sketched in memories of dark aquiline faces that he had studied in Rome and Paris, with one of later time—one of the women of the Italian colony which lives by the patronage of artists.

These soon covered the paper, and he sat gazing at them, wondering which would be suited to the figure he was painting.

Then, throwing the board aside, he began to pace the studio impatiently.

"How absurd!" he muttered. "What craze is this? Her face is nothing to me. I'm overwrought. Worry and work are having their effect. I have had no exercise either lately. Yes; that's it; overdone."

He stood hesitating for a few moments, and then thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out five shillings.

"I'll rout out Pacey and Leronde, and we'll go up the river for a row."

He rang the bell and waited, giving one more glance at his picture, and then turning it face to the wall with the curtain drawn.

He had hardly finished when Keren-Happuch's step was heard at the door, and she knocked and entered.

"You rang, please, sir."

"Yes. Take this money. No—no—stop a moment. She would be hurt," he muttered,

and, hastily wrapping it in a sheet of note paper at the side table, he thrust the packet into an envelope, fastened it down and directed it to La Signora Azazel.

"There, Keren-Happuch," he said.
"Don't call me that now, please, Mr. Dale, sir. I like the other best, 'cause you don't do it to tease me like Mr. Pacey."

"Well, then, Miranda, my little child of toil," he said merrily, "I have wrapped up this money because the young lady might not like it given to her loose. It isn't that I don't trust you."

The girl laughed.
"Zif I didn't know that, sir. Why, you give me a f'pun note to get changed once."

"So I did, Miranda, and will again."
"And sovrins lots of times. I don't mind."

"Give this to the Italian lady."
"Is she a lady, sir? I think she is sometimes, and sometimes I don't, 'cause she's so shabby. Why, some of them models as comes could buy her up lots of times."

"Yes, Miranda, but don't be so loquacious."

"No, sir, I won't," said Keren-Happuch, wondering the while what the word meant.

"Tell her that I'm not well this morning and have gone into the country for a day, but I hope to see her at the same time to-morrow morning."

"There, I knowed you wasn't well, sir," cried the girl eagerly.

"Pooh! only a little seedy."

"But was she to come at the reg'lar time this morning, sir?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then she ain't comin', sir, for it's nearly an hour behind her time."

Dale glanced at his watch in astonishment, then at the clock on the mantel-piece.

Keren-Happuch was quite correct in every respect, for the model did not come, and Dale felt so startled by this that he did not leave the studio all day, but spent it with a growing feeling of trouble.

That night, to get rid of the anxiety which kept his brain working, he sought out his two friends and dined with them at one of the cafes, eating little, drinking a good deal, and sitting at last smoking, morose and silent, listening to Leronde's excited disquisitions on art, and Pacey's bantering of the Frenchman till it was time to return to his studio, which he entered with a shudder, to cross to his room.

Keren-Happuch had been up and lit the gas, leaving one jet burning with a ghastly blue flame, and when this was turned up the place seemed to be full of shadows, out of which the various casts and busts looked at him weirdly.

"Phew! how hot and stuffy the place is," he muttered. "Am I going to be ill—sickening for a fever? Bah! Rubbish! I drank too much of that Chianti."

The Italian name of the wine of which he had freely partaken suggested the Conte, but only for a moment, and then he was brooding again over the failure of the model to keep her appointment.

"Surely she is not ill," he said excitedly; then, with an angry gesticulation, "Well, if she is, what is it to me, poor woman? She will get better and I must wait."

He hurried into his room and turned up the gas there, but he could not rest without going back into the studio and turning the gas on full before dragging around the great easel and throwing back the curtains to unveil the picture with its graceful white figure standing right out from the group like glowing ivory. But a shadow was cast upon the upper part by a portion of the curtain whose rings had caught upon the rod, and a strange shudder ran through him, for the paper he had used to hide the face looked dark, and, to its excited vision, took the form of the close black veil, through which a pair of brilliant eyes appeared to flash.

Snatching back the curtain, he wheeled the easel into its place, with his face to the wall, turned down the gas after fastening the door and threw himself upon his bed to lie tossing hour after hour, never once going right off to sleep, but thinking incessantly of the beautiful model and the masked face whose eyes burned into his brain.

(To be Continued.)

The Colonel Crawfished.

The Colonel and I were sitting on the tavern veranda, smoking and talking, when he suddenly reached behind him and exclaimed:

"Durn my skin, but that's just like me! Left my pistol at home on the bureau!"

"There doesn't seem to be any need of it around here," I replied.

"Can't tell—can't tell. It's time for Major Green to come along, and when I meet up with the Major I always feel better to be heeled." We dropped the subject for another, and had been talking about ten minutes, when back went the Colonel's hand again, and he said:

"Durn my skin, but there's Major Green, and I ain't got nothing to shoot with!"

"Is there going to be any shooting here?"

"Not under the circumstances, but you are goin' to see the worst case of crawfishin' that has happened around here for twenty years!"

The Major came along the street, caught sight of the Colonel, and stopped, with his hand on his hip. As the Colonel made no move of a hostile nature, the Major slowly ascended the steps, came along to us, and said:

"Col. Johnson, 10 years ago I stated that Capt. Brass had a nigger working for him who was blind in the left eye. You picked me up, sah, and said it was the right eye. We parted, ah, and we have not spoken since."

"Major, I reckon I was wrong," replied the Colonel. "Yes, I reckon I was wrong and you were right. Meant to have told you so long ago, but had no show."

"If you still insist that it was the right eye, why?" and the Major threw his hand back.
"Oh! no! no! Left eye, Major, left eye! How's the cotton coming on, Major? Heard you were going in for a powerful big crop this year."

"The cotton, sah, the cotton," replied the Major as he turned to go, "the cotton is all right. I shall have a powerful crop. Good day, sah."

And when he had disappeared in the distance, marching away as stiff as a poker, the Colonel turned to me with:

"You were speaking with that nigger as I came out. Which eye is it?"

"Neither one, Colonel! He has as good a pair of eyes as yours or mine."

And the Colonel softly whispered, "Durn my skin!" and went away to drink alone.—N. Y. Sun.

With But a Single Thought.



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Mr. Rye—Thanksh, thanksh, m' (hie) deah. Fo' wunch (hie) yee gress wid me (hie).

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THE STORY OF A WOMAN.

By G. MANVILLE FENN

Author of "Black Blood," "The Parson of Dumford," "The Master of the Ceremonies," "A Mint of Money," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER X.

There is only one way. Armstrong's teeth and hands were clenched for the encounter with the angry husband who had tracked his wife to the studio, and he was ready to accept his fate, for he told himself that he could fight no more against his destiny. The woman had told him that he would defend her, and he must—he would.

There was no feeling of dread then in his breast as he advanced to the encounter, but only to stop speechless with amazement as Pacey entered in his abrupt, noisy manner, to grasp his hand and clap him on the shoulder.

"Armstrong, old man," he cried loudly, "I could not stand it any longer. You and I must be friends. I believe you told me the truth, lad, I do from my soul. La Bella Donna told me Miss Montesquieu was here, but I thought that wouldn't matter, as she wouldn't be sitting at this time."

Dale could not speak; he was paralyzed. "Don't hold off, old lad," said Pacey, in a low tone. "We must make it up. Any apology when she's gone."

He turned sharply to where the Contessa stood, closely veiled, and nodded to her familiarly.

"Glad you and Mr. Dale have come to terms. Many engagements on the way?"

There was no reply, but the tall, proud figure seemed to stiffen, and there was a flash of the eyes through the veil at Armstrong, who now recovered his voice, while his heart sank low within him.

"Go now," he said; "at once."

"Oh, Montesquieu won't mind my being here. But do you really—"

He stopped speaking as he realized for the first time that it was not the model he had heard was sitting to his friend. He stared at her hard, as if puzzled, then at the canvas, where the beautiful sketch gazed at him fiercely, and he grasped in his own mind the situation.

The paint was wet and glistening; this was the model who had been sitting for the face, and it could be none other than the Contessa.

A change came over him on the instant. His brows knitted, the free, noisy manner was gone, and he took off his hat, to say with quiet dignity, as he bent his head, but in a voice husky with the pain he felt:

"I beg Lady Dellatoria's pardon for my rudeness. I was mistaken," and he turned to go.

"Stay, sir," she cried, in her low, deep and musical tones; "my visit to your friend is over. Mr. Dale, will you see me to my carriage? It is waiting."

She held out her hand to him, and, pale now with emotion, Armstrong advanced to the door, which he opened, and then offered his arm, which she took, and he led her down to the hall in silence.

"Your imprudence has ruined you," he said then bitterly, "and disgraced me in the eyes of my friend."

"No," she said softly. "You can trust that man. He would die sooner than injure a woman because she loves. Now I am at rest. You will come to me, for I have won. You see," she continued, as Armstrong mechanically opened the door, and she stepped out proudly on to the steps, "I have no fear. Let the world talk as it will."

A handsomely appointed carriage drew up and a footman sprang down to open the door, while Dale, who moved as if he were in a dream, handed her in, she touching his arm lightly and sinking back upon the cushions.

"I shall expect you to-morrow then, Mr. Dale," she said aloud, "at the usual time." Then, to the servant, "Home."

Armstrong stood at the edge of the pavement, bareheaded, till the carriage turned the corner out of the square, and then, still as if in a dream, he walked in, closed the door, and ascended to the studio to face his friend.

Pacey was standing with his hands behind him, gazing at the face upon the canvas. He did not stir when Dale took a couple of steps forward into the great, gloomy, darkening room, waiting for an angry outburst of reproaches.

But a full minute must have elapsed before a word was uttered, and then Pacey said slowly, and in the voice of one deeply moved:

"Is she as beautiful as this?"

Dale started, and looked wonderingly at his friend.

"I say, is she as beautiful as this?" repeated Pacey, still without turning his head.

"Yes; I have hardly done her justice."

"A woman to win empires—to bring the world to her feet," said Pacey slowly. "Beautiful as an angel!" is a blunder, lad. Such as she cannot be of heaven's mould, but sent to drag men down to perdition. Armstrong, lad, I pity you. I suppose there are men who would come seatless through such a trial as this, but they must be few."

There was another long pause, and Pacey still gazed at the luminous face upon the canvas.

"Is that all you have to say?" said Dale at last.

"Yes, that is all, man. How can I attack you now? I knew that you had been tempted, and, in spite of appearances, I believed your word. I thought you had not fallen, and that I had been too hasty in all I said. Now I can only say once more, I pity you, and feel that I must forgive."

Inspiration in painting and sculpture from that which moved them to the core," said Pacey slowly and didactically. "Yes, I believe in inspiration, lad. We can go on working, and studying, and painting, as you Yankees say, 'our level best,' but something more is needed to produce a face like that."

He was silent again, and sat as if fascinated by the work before him.

"What am I to say to you, lad?" he continued at last. "It is like sacrificing everything—honor, manhood, all a man should hold dear, to his art, but as a brother artist, what am I to say? I am dumb as a man, for I have seen her here and felt her presence. There was no need for me to look upon her face. It is beautiful indeed. I say that as the man. As the artist who has done so little for myself—"

"So much for others," said Dale quickly.

"Well, you fellows all believe in me and the hints I give, and some of you have made your mark pretty deep. Yes, as the man who has studied art these five and twenty years, I say this is wonderful. It did not take you long?"

"No."

"Of course not. There is life and passion in every touch. You must finish that, my lad, and we will keep it quiet. No one must see that but us till you send it in. Armstrong, boy, you are one of the great ones of earth. I knew that you had a deal in you, but this is all a master's touch."

"You think it is so good then?" said Dale sadly.

"Think it good! You know how good it is. Better perhaps than you will ever paint again; but, would to God, my lad, that you had not sunk so low to rise so high."

Dale sank into a chair, and let his face fall forward upon his hands, while Pacey went on slowly, still gazing at the canvas.

"Yes," he said, "it wanted that. All the rest is excellent. That bit of imitation of Turner comes out well. The man wants more feeling in the face—a little more of the unmasked—but this dwells all the rest as it should. Armstrong, lad, it is the picture of the year. There," he continued, "my pipe's out, and I think I'll go. But be careful, lad. Don't touch that face more than you can help, and only when she is here."

Dale laughed bitterly.

"Why do you laugh? Is it such bad advice?"

"Yes."

And he partly told his friend how the work was done—leaving out all allusion to Cornel, Pacey hearing him quietly to the end.

"I am not surprised," he said at last.

"What you say only endorses my ideas. Good-bye, lad; I'll go."

He rose from the chair, tapped the ashes out of his pipe, looking at them thoughtfully, and picked up his hat from where he had cast it upon the dusty floor. He then turned to face Dale, holding out his hand, but the artist did not see it, and sat buried in thought.

"Good-bye, old lad," said Pacey again.

Dale sprang to his feet, saw the outstretched hand, and drew back, shaking his head.

"Shake hands," said Pacey again, more loudly.

"No," said Dale bitterly; "you cannot think of me as of old."

"No, but more warmly perhaps, for there is pity mingled with the old friendship that I felt. I came here this afternoon, as school-boys say, to make it up. I was in ignorance then; now I have eaten of the bitter fruit, and know, Armstrong, lad, knowing all this, and as one who with all his reckless Bohemianism and worldliness has kept up one little habit taught by one long dead, how can I say 'forgive me my trespasses' to-night if, with such a temptation as yours, I can't forgive?"

Dale gazed at him wildly, and Pacey went on.

"The bond between us two is stronger now, lad, so strong that I think it would take death to snap the cord. Good-bye. If you do not see me soon it is not that we are no longer friends."

Then their hands joined in a firm grip, and Pacey slowly left the room, muttering to himself as he passed out into the square:

"Fallen so low, to rise so high. Yes, I must save him, and there is only one way in which it can be done."

CHAPTER XI.

JAGGS MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Letter after letter, which had remained unanswered.

"Their scent sickens me," Dale cried passionately, as he committed them to the flames unread, for he frankly owned to himself that he dare not read them, lest he should falter in the resolution he had made.

For he had struggled hard to fight against his fate and though tied and tangled by the threads which still clung to him, he had mockingly told himself that he was not mad enough to venture into the spider's web again.

Then, twice over, he had hastily drawn a curtain in front of his great picture upon Keren-Happuch coming up to the studio to bring in a card—the Conte's—and bit his lip with rage and mortification as that gentleman was shown up in company with Lady Grayson.

The visit on the first occasion was to complain about Dale's curt refusal to go on with the picture; and the young artist haltingly gave as his reason that it was impossible for him to complete Lady Dellatoria's portrait on account of a large work that he was compelled to finish. And all the while Lady Grayson, with the reckless effrontery of her nature, looked at him mockingly, her eyes laughingly telling him that he was a poor, weak coward, and that she could read him through and through.

Then came the second visit with the wretched Italian, blindly, or knowingly, to use him as a screen for his own amours, almost imploring him to come.

"Lady Dellatoria is so disappointed," he said volubly. "She takes the matter quite to heart. No doubt, Mr. Dale, there is a little vanity in the matter—the desire to be seen in the exhibition, painted by the famous young American artist."

"There are plenty of men, sir, who would gladly undertake the commission," said Dale angrily. "I beg that you will not ask me again."

"Mr. Dale, you are cruel," cried Lady Grayson. "Our poor Contessa will be desolate. Let me plead for you to come and finish the work."

"Aha, yes," cried the Conte, wrinkling up his face, though it was full enough before of premature lines. "A lady pleads. You cannot refuse her."

Dale gave the woman a look so full of contempt and disgust that she colored and then turned away, shrugging her shoulders.

"He is immovable," she said to the Conte.

"No, no! Body of Bacchus! I understand," and he placed his finger to his lips, and half closing his eyes signed to Dale to step aside with him. "Mr. Dale," he whispered, "Lady Dellatoria has set her mind upon this, and I see now; a much more highly paid commission that you wish to do for someone. That shall not stand in the way. Come, I double the amount for which we—what do you name it? Ah, yes, bargained."

"No, sir," he cried; "it is not a question of money. No sum would induce me to finish that portrait."

"Ah, well, we shall see," said the Conte. "Do not be angry, my young friend. Lady Dellatoria will be eaten by chagrin. But we will discuss the matter no more to-day. Good morning."

He held out his hand to Lady Grayson, but she did not take it. She moved toward Dale and held out her gloved hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Dale," she said merrily. "You great men in oil are less approachable than a prime minister." Then in a low tone: "It is not true, all this show of opposition. I am not blind."

She turned and gave her hand to the Conte, and they left the studio, Armstrong making no effort to show them out, but standing motionless till he heard the door close, when, with a gesture of contempt and disgust, he threw open the windows and lit his pipe.

A minute later he had thrown the pipe aside and taken out Cornel's letter to read; but the words swam before his eyes, and he could only see the face hidden behind that curtain.

"Poor little talisman!" he said, sadly apostrophizing the letter, "you have lost your power. Evil is stronger than good after all."

"Good-bye, little one," he continued, "for ever. You would forgive me if you knew all, for I am drifting—drifting, and my strength has gone."

Two days passed—a week, and hour by hour he had waited, fully expecting that Valentina would come. He shrank from the meeting, but felt that it must be, for her influence seemed to be over him sleeping or waking, her eyes always gazing into his.

But she did not come. Only another note, and this he read in its brevity, for it only contained these words:

"You will drive me to my death."

"Or me to mine," he muttered, as he burned the letter; and then in a raging desire to crush down the thoughts which troubled him, he turned to his work.

"Never!" he cried fiercely. "I will not go. If she comes here—well, if she does. That mockery of a man will track her some day, and then, in spite of English law, there will be a meeting, and he will kill me. I hope so. Then there would be rest."

The picture which he had now stubbornly set himself to finish, as if he were urged by some unseen power, progressed but slowly. The Emperor came to sit, and tried to mould his features into the desired aspect with more or less success, but in spite of enquiries and interview after interview with different models recommended by brother artists as suitable to stand for the figure, Dale's taste was too fastidious to be satisfied, and Juno's face alone looked scornfully from the canvas.

Pacey had been again and again, but only in a friendly way, to chat as of old, sometimes bringing with him Leronde to gossip and fence with, at other times alone. No reference was made to the picture or the past.

"I shall never finish it," said Dale, as he sat alone one day, gazing at his canvas. "What shall I do—go abroad? Joe would come with me, and all this horrible dream might slowly die away."

"No," he muttered, after a pause; "it would not die. Better seek the true forgetfulness. Do all men at some time in their lives suffer from such a madness as mine?"

His musings were interrupted by a step upon the stairs, and he hastily drew the curtain before his canvas.

A single rap which sounded as if it had been given with the knob of a walking stick, came upon the door panel, and directly afterwards in answer to a loud "Come in," Jaggs entered with the knocker in his hand, to wit, a silk umbrella—one of those ingenious affairs formed by sewing all the folds where they have been slit up by wear and tear, and declared by the kerb vendor as being better than new—a fact as regards the price.

"Ah, Jaggs, good morning," said Dale. "But I don't want you. I shall let your face go as it is."

"Quite right, sir," said the man, glancing at the curtain. "Couldn't be better; but I didn't come about that."

"Oh, I see," said Dale sarcastically. "Your banker gone on the continent?"

The Emperor drew himself up, and looked majestic in the face and pose of the head, shambling as to his legs, and extremely deferential in the curve of his body and the position of his hands and arms.

"Mr. Dale," he said, "I don't deny, sir, as there have been times when half a crown has been a little heaven, and a double florin a delight, but I was not agoin' to ask assistance now, though I am still a strugglin' man, and been accustomed to better things. It was not to ask help, sir, as I'd come, but to bestow it, if so be as you'd condescend to accept it of your humble servant, as always feels a pride in your success, not to hide the fact that it does me good, sir, to be seen upon the line."

"Well, what do you mean?" said Dale gruffly.

"I want to see that picture of one, sir. It'll make our fortune, sir. I'm sure on it, and I say it with pride, there isn't anything as'll touch it for a mile round."

"Thank you, Jaggs; you are very complimentary," said Dale ironically, but the tone was not observed.

"It's only justice, sir, and I ain't set going on for twenty years for artists without knowing a good picture when I see one. But that ain't business, sir. You want a model, sir, and that Miss Montesquieu, as she calls herself, won't be here for a month or two, and you needn't expect her. Did you try her as Mr. Pacey calls the Honorable Miss Brill?"

"Pish! I don't want to paint a fish-wife, man."

"No, sir, you don't, and of course Miss Vavassor wouldn't do."

"No, no, no, there is not one of them I'd care to have, Jaggs. If I go on with the figure I shall work from some cast at first, and finish afterward from a model."

"No, sir, don't, pray don't," cried Jaggs. "You'll only make it stiff and hard. It wouldn't be worthy on you, Mr. Dale, sir; and besides, there ain't no need. You're a lion, sir, a regular lion amongst artists, sir, and you was caught in a net, sir, and couldn't get free, and all the time, sir, there was a little mouse a nibblin' and a nibblin' to get you out, sir, though you didn't know it, sir, and that mouse's name was Jaggs."

"What! You don't mean to say you know of a suitable model?"

"But I just do, sir. That's what I do say, sir."

"No, no," cried Armstrong peevishly. "I don't want to be worried into seeing one of your friends, Jaggs. Your taste and mine are too different for a lady of your choice to suit my work."

"Don't say that, sir," cried Jaggs in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I'm only a common sort o' man, I own, sir, but I do know a good model when I see one—I mean one as shows breed. I don't mean one o' your pretty East End girls, with the bad stock showing through, but one as has got good furrin' blood in her."

"Is this a foreign woman, then?"

"That's it, sir. Comes from that place last where they ketch the little fishes as they sends over here for breakfast—not bloaters, sir, them furrin' ones."

"Anchovies?"

"No, sir, fother ones in tins."

"Sardines?"

"That's it, sir; comes from Sardiney last, but her father was a Ruman. Sort o' patriot kind o' chap as got into trouble for trying to free his country. Them furrin' chaps is always up to their games, sir, like that their Mr. Lerondy, and then their country's so grateful that they has to come over here to save themselves from being shot."

"But the woman?"

"Oh, she come along with her father, sir, and he's been trying to give Hightallan lessons, and don't get on 'cause they say he don't talk pure, and he's too proud to go out as a waiter and earn a honest living, so the gal's begun going out to sit. But she don't get on 'yagther,' 'cause her figure's too high."

"What, a great giraffe of a woman?"

"Lor bless you, no, sir; 'bout five feet four, I should say. I meant charges stiff; won't go out for less nor ar crown a hour, and them as tried her don't like her 'cause she's so stuck up."

"Look here, Jaggs, is she a finely formed, handsome woman?"

"Well, Mr. Dale, sir, I won't deceive you, but from what I hear her face ain't up to much, and she don't make a pynte o' faces, but I'm told as she's real good for anything, from a Greek statue to a hangel."

"Oh, well, I'll see her. Where does she live?"

"Leather Lane way, sir."

"Address?"

"Ah, that I don't know, sir. I believe it's her father as does the business and takes the money."

"He is her father?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it's all square. I'm told they're very respectable people. Old man's quite the seedy furrin' gent, and the gal orful stand-offish."

"Tell him to come and bring his daughter. If I don't like her I'll pay for one sitting and she can go."

"Right, sir, and speaking onnest, sir, I do hope as she will turn out all right."

"Thank you. There's a crown for your trouble."

"Oh, sir, that ain't necessary," said the Emperor, holding out his hand. "Oh, well, sir, if you will be so gen'rous, why, 'tain't for me to stop you. Good mornin', sir, good mornin'."

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW MODEL.

Two days passed, and Dale was standing, brush in hand, before his canvas, thinking. He had made up his mind to trust to his imagination to a great extent for the finishing of Juno's figure; this, with the many classic sketches he had made in Greece and Rome, would, he believed, enable him to be, to a great extent, independent. He was in better spirits, for he had heard nothing from Portland Place, and flattered himself that the impression which had troubled him was growing fainter.

"Come in," he cried, as there was a tap at the door and Keren-Happuch appeared, evidently fresh from a study in black lead, and holding a card between a finger and thumb guarded by her apron.

"Here's a model, sir; and she gave this."

Dale took a very dirty card, which looked as if it had lived for some time in an old waistcoat pocket. Printed thereon were the words:

"D. Jaggs. Head and face. Roman fathers, etc.," and written on the back in pencil and in Jaggs' cramped hand:

"Signora Aratchy Figgers."

"Where is she, Miranda?"

"On the front door mat, sir. And please, Mr. Dale, sir, mayn't I bring you some beef tea?"

"No, thank you, Miranda. Bring up the visitor instead."

"Oh dear! He do worry me," muttered Keren-Happuch. "I do hope he ain't going into a decline."

Dale smiled at the dirty card and waited for the entrance of the new model, who was shown in directly by Keren-Happuch, and immediately in a quick, jerky, excited way looked sharply round the room before turning her face to the artist.

On his side he gazed with cold indifference at his visitor, who, after taking a couple of steps forward, stopped short, and he saw that she was rather tall, wore a closely fitting bonnet, over which a thick, dark, Shetland wool veil was drawn, and was draped from head to foot in a long, black cloak, which had evidently seen a good deal of service.

"Signora Aratchy!" said Dale, glancing at the card again and making a shot at her name.

It was evidently correct, for the woman said in a husky voice, as if suffering from intense nervousness:

"Si, si."

"You are willing to stand for me—for this picture?" he said, scanning her closely, but learning nothing respecting her figure on account of the cloak; and he spoke very coldly, for the woman's actions on entering struck him as being angular and awkward; now they were jerky as she raised her hands to her temples.

"No Ingless, signore," she said then excitedly. Then, after an embarrassed pause, "Parlate Italiano! No?"

"No," said Dale, shaking his head.

Her hands again came from beneath her cloak in a despairing gesture. Then, placing one to her forehead, she looked round at the lumber of canvases and properties, as if seeking for a way to express herself, till her eyes lit upon the great uncovered canvas. Bending forward in a quick, alert way, she uttered a low peculiar cry, and almost ran to it, leaned forward again as if examining, and then, with extreme rapidity, pointed to the blank place in the picture where Lady Dellatoria's face stood out weirdly, took a few quick steps aside and back from where Dale stood frowning and annoyed at what seemed to be a hopeless waste of time. Then, with a rapid movement, she unclasped the cloak, swept it from her shoulders, and holding it only with her left hand let it fall in many folds to the floor, while as she stood before him now in a plainly made, tightly fitting, black cloth princess dress, she instinctively fell into almost the very attitude Dale had in his mind's eye, and he saw at once that her figure must be all he desired.

"Bravo!" he cried involuntarily, and with an artist's pleasure in an intelligence that grasps his ideas.

At the word "Bravo!" the woman turned her head quickly.

"Excellent," he continued; "that promises well."

Her face was hidden, but as she shrugged up her shoulders nearly to her ears, and raised her hands with fingers contracted and toward him, he felt that she must be wrinkling up her forehead and making a grimace expressive of her vexation.

"Yes, it is tiresome," he said; "but we don't want to talk. I daresay I can make you understand. But I've forgotten every word I picked up in Rome."

"Ah!" cried the woman, with quick pantomimic action, as she changed her attitude again, and leant toward him—"Roma—Roma!"

"Si, si."

"My lord has been in Rome!" she cried, in Italian.

"I think I understand that," muttered Dale, "and if your form proves to be equal to your quick intelligence, my picture will be painted. Now then, signora, this is a language I daresay you can understand. Here are two half-crowns. For two hours—due ore."

"Si, si," she cried eagerly, and she almost snatched the coins and held them to her lips.

"Silver keys to your understanding, Madame," he muttered, taking a mahatka from where it stood against a chair. "Well, I begin to be hopeful. Yes, more than hopeful."

he continued, as the model was rapidly drawing off her shabby, carefully mended gloves, before taking a little common portemonnaie from her pocket and dropping the coins in one by

24, 1893

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one. Then, aloud, as he pointed with the
mahatlick, "La bella mano."
"Aha!" she cried quickly. But she gave
her shoulders another shrug, and shook the
purse, saying in Italian: "Pel povero padre."
"Padre." For her father," muttered Dale.
"Not so sordid as I thought, poor thing. Will
you remove your veil?"

She leaned toward him.
"I said will you remove your veil? Hang it,
what is veil in Italian. 'Velum' in Latin."
She was evidently trying hard to grasp his
meaning, and at the Latin 'velum' she clapped
her beautifully formed hands to her veil.

"No, no," she cried haughtily; and then
volubly, in Italian: "I am compelled to do
this for bread. I do not know you, neither
need you know me. My face is not beautiful,
and we are strangers. You wish to paint my
figure. I will retain my veil."

"I do not understand you, signora, and yet I
have a glimmering of what you wish to ex-
press," said Dale, as gravely as if his visitor
could grasp every word. "There, you seem to
be a lady, and—hang it all, this is very absurd,
my preaching to you, and you to me. I wish
Pacey were here. He speaks Italian like a
native. No, poor lass, I suppose they must be
starving nearly, or she would not stoop to this.
I don't wish Joe Pacey were here."

Then quietly bowing as if accepting her
wishes, he made a sign to his visitor to take
her attention, and as she watched him from
behind her thick veil he walked to the door
and turned the key.

Crossing the studio to the farther door, he
threw it open, and then drew forward from the
end of the great room a large folding screen,
which he placed at the back of the dais and
opened wide.

"There, signora," he said, "I am at your
service," and he pointed to the inner room,
turned from her, and walked to the canvas.

The model stood motionless for a moment or
two, and then caught up the great cloak from
where it lay upon the floor.

"Grazie Signora," she said then with quiet
dignity, and she was hurrying across to the
inner room, but he arrested her.

"One moment," he said, with grave respect,
and the chivalrous manner of a true gentleman
toward one whose tones seemed to suggest
that she trusted him. "Let us arrange the
pose first. Look at the picture, study it well.
You see the subject."

Dale continued speaking, but kept on point-
ing to the scene he had depicted, and, to his
intense gratification, she threw the cloak
across a chair back, gazed intently at the pic-
ture for a few moments, letting her eyes rest
longest upon the beautiful, scornful face, and
then went quickly to the dais, stepped up,
turned, and with rare intelligence fell once
more into the very position he desired, better-
ing in fact that which he had sketched at first.

"Eccellente!" he cried; and then she
stepped down quickly, and glided into the inner
room, while Dale gazed at his painting with a
feeling of triumph, sweeping away the morbid
feelings which had troubled him so long.

"Art is my mistress after all," he said to
himself as he glanced upward to see that the
skylight was properly blinded, and then, going
to a box, rapidly prepared his palette, armed
himself with a sheaf of brushes, and altered
the position of his easel a little.

He was hardly ready when he heard the
slight rattle of the handle, a faint rustling
sound, and the swinging of the door again.

But he did not turn as a light step passed be-
hind him, and a faint creaking sound an-
nounced that the model had mounted upon the
dais.

He raised his eyes, and she was standing
there apparently as he had seen her first,
closely veiled, and still draped in the long,
heavy, black cloak.

Then, with a quick movement, the long
garment was thrown aside, and the model
stood before him in the very attitude, and the
perfection of her womanly beauty—a beauty
made hideous by the ghastly effect produced by
the black face and head swathed in the thick
veil.

But this passed unnoticed by the artist, who,
with a triumphant ejaculation, began to sketch
rapidly, as he muttered to himself without
vanity:

"Pacey was right; my canvas must be a
success."
CHAPTER XIII.
A STRANGE SITTING.
"Yes," said Dale to himself again. "Art is
my mistress. I have betrayed one, fought
clear of the web of another, and now I am free
to keep true to the only one I love."
And all through that visit of the Italian he
worked on with a strange eagerness till at
what seemed to be the end of an hour at most,
his model made a sudden movement.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I ought to
have told you to rest before. Stancel?" For he
recalled a word meaning fatigued or wearied.
"Si—si," she said quickly and pointed to the

clock on the mantelpiece, when, to his astonish-
ment he saw that the two hours had elapsed
and that his model had quickly resumed her
cloak. Then, without a word she crossed to
the door of the inner room, and about a quarter
of an hour later emerged to find him standing
back studying his morning's work.

"Grazie," he cried, and then pointed to the
roughly sketched figure. "Bravo!" he added,
smiling.

She bent her head in a quiet, dignified man-
ner, and raking up another Italian word or
two, Armstrong said:

"A rividerla—au revoir."
"Ah, monsieur speaks French!" she cried in
that tongue, but with a very peculiar accent.

"Yes, badly," he replied, also in French.
"That is good; now we can get on better.
Can you come to-morrow at the same time?"
"I am at monsieur's service."

"Then I shall expect you. Thank you for
your patient attention. Another time, pray
rest when you are fatigued."

She bowed in a stately manner and pointed
to the door which he had locked, and as soon
as it was unfastened passed out without turn-
ing her head.

Dale stood working at his sketch for another
hour, and then turned it to the wall, to light
his pipe and begin thinking about his model
now that he had ceased work.

It was quite mysterious her insisting upon
keeping her face covered. Why was it? Had
she some terrible disfigurement, or was it from
modesty? Possibly. Her manner was perfect.
She was evidently miserably poor, and seemed
eager to gain money to support her father—he
had quite grasped that—and the poor creature
being compelled to stoop to this way of earning
a little money, she naturally desired to remain
incognito. Well, it was creditable, he thought,
but the first idea came back. She was evidently
a woman gifted by nature with an exquisite
form, and at the same time, by accident or
disease, her countenance was so marked that
she was afraid of her clients being repelled and
declining to engage her.

"Ah, well, Signora, the mysterious Italiane,
I will respect your desire to remain incog. It
is nothing to me," said Dale half aloud, as he
sent a cloud of blue vapor upward. "I may
congratulate myself though on my good for-
tune in finding such a model."

He sat back in his chair, dwelling upon the
figure, and then went twice over to his canvas
to compare his work with the figure in his
imagination, and returned to his seat more
than satisfied. Then he put work aside and
began thinking of home, and the sweet, sad
face he could always picture, with its eyes
gazing reproachfully at him. "Yes," he said
with a sigh: "poor darling! It was fate. I
was not worthy of her. When the misery and
disappointment have died away—heaven bless
her!—she will love and be the wife of a better
man, unless—unless some day she forgives
me—some day when I have told her all."

The next morning he was all in readiness
and expectant. The light was good for paint-
ing and his mind was more at rest, for there
was no letter from the Contessa. But for a
few moments he was angry with himself on
finding that he felt a kind of plague at the readi-
ness with which she had given up writing her
reproaches. But that passed off, and as the
time was near for the coming of the model he
drew the easel forward to see whether after the
night's rest he felt as satisfied with his work
as he did the previous day, but he hardly
glanced at the figure, for the eyes were gazing
at him in a terribly life-like way full of scorn
and reproach, and as he met them, literally fasci-
nated by the work to which his imagination lent
so much reality, he shuddered and asked him-
self whether he had after all been able to free
himself from the glamor—dragged himself
loose from the spell of the Circe who had so
suddenly altered the even course of his life.

He was still contemplating the face, and
wondering whether others would look upon it
with the fascination it exercised upon him,
when Keren-Happuch came up to announce
the arrival of his model, who entered directly
after, to look at him sharply through her thick
veil.

He uttered a low sigh full of satisfaction, for
her coming was most welcome. It would force
his attention to his work.

"Good morning," he said gravely and dis-
tinctly in French. "You are very punctual."
She bowed distantly, and then her attention
seemed to be caught by the face upon the can-
vas, and she drew near to it to stand gazing at
it attentively.

She turned to him sharply. "The lady who
sat for that, why did she not stay for you to
finish the portrait?"

Dale started, half wondering, half annoyed
by his model's imperious manner.

"It is great!" she said. Then in a quick,
eager tone, "The lady you love?"

He was so startled by the suddenness of the
question that he replied as quickly:

"No, no. It is not from a model. It is
imagination."

"Ah!" she said, and she looked at the pic-
ture more closely. "You thought of her and
painted. You are very able, monsieur, but I
like it not. It makes me shiver, I know not
why. It makes me afraid to look."

"Then don't look," said Dale in an annoyed
tone.

"You will cover it, please, monsieur. The
face is so angry; it gives me dread."

"Push!" ejaculated Dale. "Very well
though. Get ready, please. I want to do a
long morning's work."

"Monsieur will pay me," she said, holding
out her hand in its well mended glove.

He took out a couple of half-crowns, which
she almost snatched, and then without a word
pointed to the door almost imperiously.

He nodded shortly, and went to fasten it,
while she glided into the inner room, and in a
wonderfully short space of time returned ready,
took her place upon the dais, dropped the cloak
and he began to paint.

"Monsieur has not covered the dreadful
face," she said hoarsely.

Without a word he took a square of brown
paper, gummed it, and covered the face; then
in perfect silence he went on painting, deeply
interested in his work as his sketch took
softer form and grew rapidly beneath his
brush.

But the work did not progress so well as on
the previous day; he was painting well, but
the black head, so incongruous and weird of
aspect, posed upon the beautiful form he was
transferring to canvas, irritated him, and as he
looked at his model from time to time he
could see that a pair of piercing eyes were
watching him.

Half an hour had passed when there was a
low, weary sigh.

"We will rest a little," he said quietly, and
pointing to a chair and the screen, he devoted
himself to an unimportant part of the work
for some ten minutes, but to be brought back to
his model by her words:

"I am waiting, monsieur."

He started, and resumed his work, remember-
ing to pause for his patient model to rest twice
over, and then to continue and grow so excited
over his efforts, painting so rapidly that when
he heard another weary sigh he glanced at the
clock, and found that he had kept his model
quite a quarter of an hour over her time.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," he said.

"You must be very weary."

"Yes, very weary," she said sadly, as she
moved toward the door, glancing over her
right shoulder at the picture. "It is better
now. I can look at your work; the dreadful
face makes me too much alarmed."

"A strange sitting," he said. "Two veiled
faces."

There was a quick look through the thick
veil, but she passed on into the room, and in
due time passed him on her way, bowed dis-
tantly and went out, leaving Dale motionless
by his canvas, gazing after her at the door and
conjecturing up in his mind the figure he had so
lately had before him.

He recovered himself with quite a start, and
raised one hand to his forehead.

CHAPTER XIV.
LIFE'S FEVER.

It was with a novel feeling of anxiety that
Dale waited for the coming of his model. A
peculiar feverish desire to know more of her
position had come over him, and he made up
his mind to question her about her father and
the cause of his exile. Jaggs had said that he
had had to flee for life and liberty, and if he
questioned her about these, she would, fore-
sight-like, become communicative.

It was nothing to him, of course. This woman
—lady perhaps, for her words bespoke refine-
ment—would answer his purpose till the pic-
ture was finished. She was paid for her ser-
vices, and when she was no longer required
there was an end of the visits to his studio.

He told himself all this as he sat before his
great canvas working patiently, filling up por-
tions, and preparing for his model's coming.
And as he worked on with the figure as
strongly marked as the model, the softly
rounded contour of the graceful form began to
glow in imagination with life, and at last
Dale sprang from his seat, threw down palette
and brushes, and shook his head as if to clear
it from some strange confusion of intellect.

"How absurd!" he said aloud, and, trying
to turn the current of his thoughts, they
drifted back at once to his model, and he gazed
at his work wondering which of his ideas was
correct about her persistently keeping her face
covered.

"She cannot be disfigured," he muttered.
"It must be for reasons of her own. She is, as
I thought, forced to undertake a task that
is distasteful to her. I wonder whether her
face is beautiful, too."

"Bah! what is it to me!" he muttered
angrily. "I do not want to paint her face, and
yet it must be very beautiful."

He sat down again before his canvas, thought-
ful and dreamy, picturing to himself what her
face might be, and the next moment he had
seized a drawing-board upon which gray paper
was already stretched, picked up a crayon, and
with great rapidity sketched in memories of
dark aquiline faces that he had studied in
Rome and Paris, with one of later time—one of
the women of the Italian colony which lives
by the patronage of artists.

These soon covered the paper, and he sat
gazing at them, wondering which would be
suited to the figure he was painting.

Then, throwing the board aside, he began to
pace the studio impatiently.

"How absurd!" he muttered. "What craze
is this? Her face is nothing to me. I'm over-
wrought. Worry and work are having their
effect. I have had no exercise either lately.
Yes; that's it; overdone."

He stood hesitating for a few moments, and
then thrust his hand into his pocket, and
drew out five shillings.

"I'll rout out Pacey and Leronde, and we'll
go up the river for a row."

He rang the bell and waited, giving one more
glance at his picture, and then turning it face
to the wall with the curtain drawn.

He had hardly finished when Keren-Hap-
puch's step was heard at the door, and she
knocked and entered.

"You rang, please, sir."

"Yes. Take this money. No—no—stop a
moment. She would be hurt," he muttered,

and, hastily wrapping it in a sheet of note
paper at the side table, he thrust the packet
into an envelope, fastened it down and directed
it to La Signora Azazel.

"There, Keren-Happuch," he said.
"Don't call me that now, please, Mr. Dale,
sir. I like the other best, 'cause you don't do
it to tease me like Mr. Pacey."

"Well, then, Miranda, my little child of toil,"
he said merrily, "I have wrapped up this
money because the young lady might not like
it given to her loose. It isn't that I don't trust
you."

The girl laughed.
"Zif I didn't know that, sir. Why, you give
me a f'pun note to get changed once."

"So I did, Miranda, and will again."
"And sovrins lots o' times. I don't mind."

"Give this to the Italian lady."

"Is she a lady, sir? I think she is sometimes,
and sometimes I don't, 'cause she's so shabby.
Why, some o' them models as comes could buy
her up lots o' times."

"Yes, Miranda, but don't be so loquacious."

"No, sir, I won't," said Keren-Happuch, won-
dering the while what the word meant.

"Tell her that I'm not well this morning
and have gone into the country for a day, but I
hope to see her at the same time to-morrow
morning."

"There, I knowed you wasn't well, sir," cried
the girl eagerly.

"Poo! only a little seedy."

"But was she to come at the reg'lar time
this morning, sir?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then she ain't comin', sir, for it's nearly an
hour behind her time."

Dale glanced at his watch in astonishment,
then at the clock on the mantel-piece.

Keren-Happuch was quite correct in every
respect, for the model did not come, and Dale
felt so startled by this that he did not leave
the studio all day, but spent it with a growing
feeling of trouble.

That night, to get rid of the anxiety which
kept his brain working, he sought out his two
friends and dined with them at one of the
cafes, eating little, drinking a good deal, and
sitting at last smoking, morose and silent,
listening to Leronde's excited disquisitions on
art, and Pacey's bantering of the Frenchman
till it was time to return to his studio, which
he entered with a shudder, to cross to his room.

Keren-Happuch had been up and lit the gas,
leaving one jet burning with a ghastly blue
flame, and when this was turned up the place
seemed to be full of shadows, out of which the
various casts and busts looked at him weirdly.

"Phew! how hot and stuffy the place is," he
muttered. "Am I going to be ill—sickenin' for
a fever? Bah! Rubbish! I drank too
much of that Chianti."

The Italian name of the wine of which he had
freely partaken suggested the Conte, but only
for a moment, and then he was brooding again
over the failure of the model to keep her
appointment.

"Surely she is not ill," he said excitedly;
then, with an angry gesticulation, "Well, if
she is, what is it to me, poor woman? She will
get better and I must wait."

He hurried into his room and turned up the
gas there, but he could not rest without going
back into the studio and turning the gas on
full before dragging around the great easel and
throwing back the curtains to unveil the pic-
ture with its graceful white figure standing
right out from the group like glowing ivory.
But a shadow was cast upon the upper part by
a portion of the curtain whose rings had caught
upon the rod, and a strange shudder ran
through him, for the paper he had used to hide
the face looked dark, and, to his excited vision,
took the form of the close black veil, through
which a pair of brilliant eyes appeared to flash.

Snatching back the curtain, he wheeled the
easel into its place, with his face to the wall,
turned down the gas after fastening the door
and threw himself upon its bed to lie tossing
hour after hour, never once going right off to
sleep, but thinking incessantly of the beautiful
model and the masked face whose eyes burned
into his brain.

(To be Continued.)

The Colonel Crawfished.

The Colonel and I were sitting on the tavern
veranda, smoking and talking, when he sud-
denly reached behind him and exclaimed:

"Durn my skin, but that's just like me! I
left my pistol at home on the bureau!"

"There doesn't seem to be any need of it
around here," I replied.

"Can't tell—can't tell. It's time for Major
Green to come along, and when I meet up with
the Major I always feel better to be heeled."

We dropped the subject for another, and had
been talking about ten minutes, when back
went the Colonel's hand again, and he said:

"Durn my skin, but there's Major Green, and
I ain't got nothing to shoot with!"

"Is there going to be any shooting here?"

"Not under the circumstances, but you are
goin' to see the worst case of crawfishin' that
has happened around here for twenty years!"

The Major came along the street, caught
sight of the Colonel, and stopped, with his
hand on his hip. As the Colonel made no
move of a hostile nature, the Major slowly
ascended the steps, came along to us, and said:

"Col. Johnson, fo' years ago I stated that
Capt. Bross had a nigger working for him who
was blind in the left eye. You picked me up,
sah, and said it was the right eye. I wepted,
ah, and we have not spoken since."

"Major, I reckon I was wrong," replied the
Colonel. "Yes, I reckon I was wrong and you
were right. Meant to have told you so long
ago, but had no show."

"If you still insist that it was the right eye,
why!" and the Major threw his hand back.

"Oh! no! no! Left eye, Major, left eye!
How's the cotton coming on, Major? Heard
you were going in for a powerful big crop this
year."

"The cotton, sah, the cotton," replied the
Major as he turned to go, "the cotton is all
right. I shall have a powerful crop. Good
day, sah."

And when he had disappeared in the dis-
tance, marching away as stiff as a poker, the
Colonel turned to me with:

"You were speaking with that nigger as I
came out. Which eye is it?"

"Neither one, Colonel! He has as good a
pair of eyes as yours or mine."

And the Colonel softly whispered, "Durn
my skin!" and went away to drink alone.—N.
Y. Sun.

With But a Single Thought.



Mrs. Rye—This is a nice time for you to come
home.
Mr. Rye—Thanksh, thanksh, m' (hic) deah.
Fo' wunch (hic) ye 'gree wid me (hic).

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The Black Crucifix

GREAT had been her return, as one who had fought her way back from the gates of hell to those of heaven. She was a convert from Chinatown—that hell upon earth, in the city near the Golden Gate. Who has not read of the woman's life therein, so why tell the harrowing details of another of its victims? It is of her later life I will tell.

If she had been a victim, she had made her victimizers pay dearly for their pleasures, for leechlike she had sucked from them the bright yellow coin, which served them as a god to worship and obeyed them as a slave; and when still early in her life, satiate of sin, and disgusted with the life she had been leading, she fled from the haunts which had known her so long, to one of those convents where the nuns are entirely shut in from the world, she took with her this ill-gotten gold and asked that it and the balance of her life be used in promoting some good purpose.

Having made her vows, assumed the garb of the sisterhood, and taken a new name as is the usual custom, she never more saw the world, save when she was transferred to another of the convents belonging to the same order, in that far-off green isle of the sea—Ireland—a land which has sent to other lands the germs of many such organizations, which are quietly working on year after year to the end that the world may be better and purer.

In her whole convent life there was only one incident to break the monotony of toil which she imposed upon herself, for she was never happy save when her work or her prayers engrossed her mind. This incident happened on Sunday afternoon after she had been cloistered several years. There was no work for her to do and her morning prayers had long since been said. But this day she did not feel inclined to pray. She sat upon a balcony, up which the ivy had clambered, and gazed upon the world. To-day it was charming and fascinating to her; below her in the valley the quiet villages nestled beside the river, and she could see the ferry boat plying backward and forward and even hear the splash of the oars. Beyond, upon the opposite bank, the landscape was checkered with ploughed fields and fields of green pasture land, while the distant hills were shrouded in purple mist. Everything was very quiet, but yet she knew that this was part of the great world, and that the train, the whistle of whose locomotive had just pierced the air, would carry anyone to where men had clustered together and built lordly pleasure houses and where men and women walked to and fro together, their blood coursing through their veins to the time that passion beats.

All this she knew and it brought up memories of her own past. It was to her as one of the dreams she used to have in her little room in Chinatown, how, after she had smoked her eighth pipe of opium she would be unable to cook the dab for the ninth, how it would drop out of her fingers, and she would sink back upon her couch and dream some delightful dream; how sometimes the dragons and grotesque figures would come out from the Chinese wall paper and prance about the white flame of the peanut-oil lamp, and how sometimes they would stumble over the dab on the tray, and she would laugh at their plight. Many other things she remembered she had enjoyed. Why should she remain imprisoned? she asked herself, and the more she thought the less could she reason. There was something within her, driving her on to put an end to the life she had been leading, which she could not withstand.

She sought the Reverend Mother and demanded that she be released from her vows, and—allowed again to go into the world, and upon being refused she tore from her girdle the rosary which hung there and dashed it upon the floor; then she loosed the cords from which hung the silver heart upon her breast and as it fell upon the floor she stamped it flat under her feet, all the time showering curses upon the Mother Superior, and reiterating her demands to be set at liberty.

The Mother Superior, although greatly surprised and shocked, being a woman of resource told her that she would at once be set at liberty, although still having in her mind a plan which she hoped would bring the sister to her senses. She was allowed to take off the dress of the sisterhood and don the ordinary dress of the world, and was then brought to where there was a small gate in the wall, and as the Reverend Mother drew back the gate she saw upon the floor of the small corridor a black cross to which was affixed a white marble figure of our Saviour. "There," said the Reverend Mother, "is the world, but no one can leave this convent to enter it save over the body of our Saviour," and hardened woman though she was, this feat was too much for her, and as she fell sobbing upon the ground her words were, "No, no, Christ, I can't go

over your body; you would never forgive me," and she allowed them to lead her back and again garb her in the habit of the sisterhood. For years after this incident she toiled on, living a life of prayer and penance, and then came her end. She was stricken with fever, and for days her ravings were of her early life, but as she became weaker a nun bending close to her heard her praying to the Holy Virgin to intercede for her, and soon after this she passed away.

That I know this incident, the truth of which I vouch, may surprise some readers, but suffice it to say that for some months my business has brought me in contact with many of the Mothers Superior of the convents which are so plentiful here. It was on one of those damp afternoons, when it does not rain but the clouds hang so low as to obscure the tops of the high hills, that, bound upon a visit to a certain convent, I was making my way up the avenue which led to it when I espied through a break in the laurel hedge a large black wooden cross, in the center of a plot of ground, and in the nearest corner a new grave, at the head of which was planted a smaller black cross. It was a gruesome sight, heavy drops of water being upon the blades of grass bent them over, while the moisture in the air condensed upon the laurel leaves and fell drip, drip, upon the already wet ground, and I did not long contemplate it. However, later in the afternoon when I had completed my business at the convent, and preparatory to making the return journey to town the Reverend Mother and myself stood talking by a window overlooking the grounds. I asked her about the grave. "Yes," she said, "that is our new burying-ground. The sister whose grave you saw was a countrywoman of yours," and then she told me this story. As I made my way down the avenue I stopped near the grave and offered up a mental prayer for the repose of her soul.

Clonmel, Ireland. HARRY A. BROWN.

Signor Dyspepsia.

Being the Story of a Terrible Encounter as told by one of the Victims.

MY name is Jones—Joseph Jones—and ever since I was born I have been the victim of that unhappy cognomen. On several occasions at school I was flogged for the offences and indiscretions of other boys possessing the same name, and since I have arrived at man's estate I have been frequently mourned for as dead, condoled with as married, upbraided as bankrupt, all owing to the depredations, follies and misfortunes of the thousand and one other Joneses of our city. On one occasion I was arrested for bigamy, another time publicly mobbed, and was even horsewhipped by mistake. Shakespeare says, "A rose with any other name would smell as sweet;" but the immortal bard's name wasn't Jones or he would have sung a different tale.

But the most terrible of all the difficulties I have as yet encountered was on the occasion of my meeting with Signor Dyspepsia, which ended in a duel of so bloodthirsty a character that the like of it has never been enacted in any civilized country during any era. It came about in the simplest manner possible, and arose out of a brace of partridges—in other words, a brace of cartridges killed two birds on one stone. The fact is: I had been fishing, and having traveled farther than I was wont, was overtaken by a fearful thunderstorm, which soon drenched me to the skin, and forced me to take shelter in a wayside hotel resembling an Old Country Inn or public house. Being hungry, and the rain giving no signs of abating, I called to the waiter and asked him what he had for dinner.

"Dinner is all over, sir," he replied. "We have nothing but cold beef and pickles."

"But," said I, offering him a piece of silver, "did I not see a couple of birds in the pantry as I passed?"

"O yes, sir, but them's for the cap'n," he replied. "I wouldn't be seen serving you with them for a knife tray full of American dollars. The cap'n, sir, when he's put out is like a raging lion seeking whom he may devour."

With sundry anathemas I sat down in the office to wile away the time as best I could, mourning over my relentless fate, and vainly looking for that break in the storm which would enable me to retrace my steps, when a pretty damsel came in and with winsome smile exclaimed: "Sir, your dinner's ready."

This was indeed a joyful summons, and never did epicure sit down with a keener sense of "pleasures to come" than I did at that command. But, alas, had I known what I know now, I would have resisted all the tender appeals of stuffed partridge and gone dinnerless that day.

I was reveling in all the dainty luxuries set before me and congratulating myself on my unexpected good fortune, when suddenly the door opened and a stranger stepped inside. The pen of a Victor Hugo could very inadequately have portrayed this monster of ugliness. He was very tall, nearly as broad as long, bandy-legged, thick-lipped, bent-nosed, with a red, seamy face, and only one eye. I said "one eye," but that eye was as good as a dozen, and fixing it on mine as he sat down opposite me, he seemed to pierce me through and through. And his voice, harsh, grating, deep, and terrible at the same time, fell on my ears much like a sudden and unexpected clap of thunder when one is wrapt in reverie.

"Go on!" exclaimed he ironically. "Eat away, you young jackanapes. Enjoy yourself. Don't spare it."

"I've had an excellent dinner, sir," I said, with an effort to be polite. "The partridges were splendid, and I am only sorry that I cannot invite you to join me."

"Invite me, you utter little abomination!" he roared out. "Invite me, you starveling pettifogger! How dare you thus address me?"

"Why, how have I offended you?"

"Offended! You mean, vile, degraded, sneaking, contemptible, disreputable, ignominious, abominable, poverty-stricken, dilapidated, degenerated apology for a man, you've eaten my dinner. That's what you've done, sir, and as sure as my name's Jones—"

"Jones! Your name's Jones, sir? I

see through it all. My name's Jones, too, and the pretty waitress called the wrong Jones. I am truly very sorry."

"Sorry! Will your sorrow fetch back the birds you've devoured? Will your sorrow appease my ravenous appetite? Will it, I say, will it?"

"No," I faintly expostulated.

"No, sir, I should think it won't. And yet you dare to sit there and face me with unblushing effrontery, you puny rat!" he exclaimed, grinding his teeth.

I dared not move an inch, but sat there quaking with fear, as a man will feel when in the midst of his steps he sees the green eye of a tiger sparkling in the jungle. Pulling from his pocket a box which looked like a case of surgical instruments, but which contained a brace of murderous pistols, he laid them on the table and placing one in front of me, said, "See that it is loaded before it is too late. When that clock strikes four you or I shall leave this world for a better."

"Heaven forbid!" I cried, trembling from head to foot.

"You poltroon!" he replied, "see well to yourself. It wants but five minutes to the fatal hour."

"Five minutes! In five more minutes I shall either be a corpse or a murderer. Five minutes left me to prepare myself for the next world. Five minutes left me to reconcile myself to my fate. Am I dreaming? Am I really Joseph Jones? What have I done to deserve this?" I exclaimed almost in one breath, until I caught sight of that dark eye fixed upon me and a grin utterly impossible to describe, except that it already indicated the exultation my opponent felt over the prospect of killing me.

Four minutes to four! How near I seemed to be to my end! Should I really have the courage to take that weapon in my hand and fire at a live human being? What would be the consequences of my act if I succeeded in killing him? What excuse, what plea, at all intelligent, should I have for the commission of so foul a deed? Would it not be better to suffer myself to be riddled with bullets—ugh! the thought in itself was enough to make me die of fright—than to live and be tried as a murderer? I had never fired off in my life anything more dangerous than a pop-gun, and now I was expected to fire a real loaded revolver at a live human being. It was horrible. It was maddening. But I could plead no more. My tongue was speechless. The dark eye terrorized—fascinated—me.

Three minutes to four! They say time is blind, but that six-day chronometer seems to have an eye on me. If it would only stop now, or refuse to strike. My terrible opponent is toying with his revolver, and laughing at my cowardice, but he looks resolute and determined. Will nothing touch his hard heart? Shall a brace of partridges be the death of me? Will he not think of those who will be left behind to mourn my loss—poor, innocent beings, who will never cease to hate and curse him? Does he not think of his own friends? Is this a pistol that I see before me, the handle towards my hand? Two minutes to four. Two more minutes and it will be all over. How the sins of a lifetime flit across my brain! How in my young days I robbed the orchard and told stories, and how in maturer years I stole away the fair Euphemia Green's affections! A thousand little faults that I should never dream of at another time scud across the avenues of my memory to torture my conscience and cause me to bewail my fate. It is awful. It is agonizing. It is so much worse than death that I wish it was all over.

One minute to four. Now I see through it all. That man's a lunatic—a raving maniac—escaped from the asylum close by. I can see it in his flashing eye, in his mocking laugh, in his angry leer. He is slowly rising to his feet. A loud guffaw shakes the room like the first symptoms of an earthquake. He stands erect and points at the clock. Mechanically I rise, grasp the revolver, and shading my face with my hand, await the signal. To kill him now I am determined, if it is possible. I know my face is pale, my knees trembling, my hand unsteady, and altogether I feel like sinking into the ground beneath me. There is no longer any hope—no longer any chance of any mortal coming to the rescue for—

The clock strikes four. My limbs tremble. My heart beats violently. My brain grows dizzy. Mechanically I raise the pistol, and hardly knowing where I am or at what I am aiming, I fire! I feel of a sudden the darkness grow denser, see the cloud of smoke, hear the loud report, and feeling a sharp, shooting pain at my side, I awake.

My duel took place after all not with Captain Goliath Jones, as I supposed, but with Signor Dyspepsia.

Cecil Logsdail.

An Averted Calamity.

THE summer has come with its sunshine, its flowers, its birds, and its other things. It is about one of the other things I wish to speak.

Summer houses have to be inspected and boats renovated, and a party of us went to attend thereto. The young Englishman was there: essentially English in every particular, from a wild longing to kill every bird and beast he saw, which he called sport, to—even at this early stage of the season—falling in love with the Canadian girl. The said Canadian girl was emphatically there, in fact was all there, and looked with calm disapproval on any endeavor at rushing the season by having any seriousness in her love affairs before the cold weather set in. She wasn't going to spoil her summer if she knew herself, and Canadian girls generally do.

They had strolled to a retired nook commanding a beautiful view of the lake. The madam, her dignified and keen-eyed mother, had been compelled to pause and listen to a tale of woe from a matronly-looking farmer's wife, who wound up her story of bad crops by saying that "the farm was not so bad after all as, thank God, they had managed to raise nine children on it."

Although it was only the beginning of June, the young Englishman proceeded to make hay while the sun shone and he talked lovingly

He told her that his mother's second cousin had married an earl's younger son, that he had belonged to the colonies to make his fortune, which he proposed doing during a few spare months next winter, and that he would marry her next spring, or even before if his god-mother died and left him what he expected. The reception his remarks received was apparently chilling even for June, for he haughtily withdrew and in a reckless, don't-care-a-hang sort of manner sat down on an ant-hill and looked nervous. The wind sighed in sympathy through the wildwood, the birds twittered their love notes from the overhanging branches, and they spoke not. Along the trunk of a fallen tree a little animal with a curved back on which ran a beautiful white stripe, made its way a short distance from the love-lorn youth, upon whom it fearlessly looked. The Englishman saw it. The sporting instincts of a long line of fox-hunting ancestors burst forth. Forget was love. Forget were the cruel words of a minute ago. He jumped to his feet and said, as he seized a broken branch and prepared to run towards it, "Look!" She looked. Where was the hauteur of scornful maidenhood now? Were the disdainful words of a few minutes before already regretted? Like a startled fawn she bounded toward him, and with both her trembling white hands clasped his arm. In a voice almost stifled with emotion she murmured: "Oh, Mr.—, don't." He was surprised at this anxious concern for his safety, and thought that despite the past she must love him. In a manly tone he said: "Don't fear for me, darling. I'll catch it." Her head bowed down on the arm securely held, concealing her face convulsed with the intensity of her feelings, and she whispered: "Oh yes, you'll catch it."

A wild peal of laughter burst from her lips, relieving her overstrained feelings. He said, "Hysterics, by Jove! How she must care for me." The stately madam just then arrived and said in an awful voice: "What does this mean?" Raising her head and with arm extended the Canadian girl said: "Oh, mother, look, Mr.— wishes to catch it."

A quiet smile curved the madam's lips. "Mr.— had better be advised to forego an interview with the Canadian Polecat. It has a tendency to make a person unpopular," she said. "We will now go to luncheon."

CHARLES LEWIS.

An Awful Fate.



Tourist (who has fallen over precipice and has been hanging by branch for twenty minutes)—I can hold out no longer! Good-by, wife—children—friends. Ah, 'tis horrible to find a watery grave in this lonely spot! (Drop.)



Tourist (as he strikes bottom)—Well, I'll be hanged!

A Wrinkle to Husbands.

The young wife of an engineer residing near the Tiergarten had gone to spend the Easter holidays with her mother in Magdeburg, and appeared so well satisfied with the change that she prolonged her stay, notwithstanding the pathetic appeals of her lonesome husband. At last our involuntary grass widower devised an original plan for inducing his little wife to return to her hearth and home. He got a friend of his who kept a camera to take a photo of his house and send it to his wife, with a letter stating that her intense longing for home would no doubt be somewhat mitigated when she saw that the old place remained as she had left it, and that she could now stay with her mamma as long as she liked. The very next train brought my lady unannounced, greatly excited and accompanied by her mother. Whence this sudden apparition? The photo in question represented our engineer standing in front of the house and engaged in a lively conversation with the young lady next door, whose laughing features were distinctly portrayed in the picture. Explanations followed, to the effect that the whole affair was a joke, but madam did not quite see it, and stayed at home instead of going back to Magdeburg with her mamma.—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

By the Sea.

For Saturday Night.

They found a corpse by the shore to-day;
The golden hair with weeds was twined,
The sea slime soiled her lips;
The tender face was wet with spray,
And a mist rose from the sea.

A mist rose from the great lone sea;
The air was damp,
The wind blew cold;
A spirit of woe from the deep was free,
And the storm cloud's breath was chill.

The fair face gleamed in the dim, dead light;
The slender hands were stiff and dank,
The sand had drifted o'er;
Her sea-wet eyes in the closing night
Bore cold and dripping tears.

A wail rose from the lonely deep;
The wind was low,
The sound was borne
To the haunted shore in the land of Sleep,
And this was the song of the sea:

"They sleep at my feet when my play is o'er;
The golden sand is soft and warm,
The night is sad, and death is cold;
But ever anon as I beat on the shore
You will hear the glad song I sing.

For my joy is fierce when I fling the dead
From my last embrace,
To the greedy rocks,
And the spray-wet sand is made their bed
And the night falls over all."

BERT KELLY.

Rejected.

For Saturday Night.

The day is done:
Beneath the sunset's dying glow I wait,
With heart bowed down and soul disconsolate.
I think of thee,
And o'er my soul a sense of utter loss
That makes life dreary and ambition dross.

Ah, me, 'tis loneliness when the day is done.
The day is done:
And so I all my fondly cherished hope,
Henceforth alone with this cold world I cope.

I think of thee,
And wonder if you ever care to know
How much I've suffered since you bade me go.
Ah me, night hovers near when day is done.

The day is done:
Though I am disappointed and distraught,
That in your thoughts my memory enters not,
I think of thee,
And pray that all the joy which life can give
Shall be your benediction while you live.

For I still love you, tho' my day is done.

GUSTAVUS.

Yo Ho! For the Humber.

For Saturday Night.

Yo ho! for the Humber,
The hilly-bank'd Humber,
Whose clear, winding waters, with cool, limpid flow,
Make murmuring marches,
Down deeply green'd arches,
Through reed-rustling pools where the white lilies grow.

Shy Cupid has taught us
That over calm waters
His fate-feather'd arrows most cunningly skim;
If your wish is to woo,
Bring a birch-bark canoe
And paddle old Humber's broad silvery brim.

These waters have mirrored,
When soft sunsets glimmer'd,
Full many a picture of beauty untold,
From fair, love-lit faces
Whose rapturous graces
Glow'd, glass'd and reflected in ripples of gold.

Love's sweet, thrilling story,
O'ld, old, but not hoary,
In tremulous numbers and passionate strain,
Has here been best-spoken,
So often and often,
That whispering wavelets have caught its refrain.

Yo ho! for the Humber,
The love-haunted Humber,
Its sun silver'd bosom and lily-laced sides;
Its leaf-shadow'd bowers,
Ferns, rushes and flowers,
Its dashing young widows and buxom young brides.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

And Here Within This Silent Tomb.

For Saturday Night.

"O'er thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

Lalla Rookh.

And here within this silent tomb,
The last, the sweetest flower, to shed
O'er this poor life its heavenly bloom,
Lies faded now, and crushed, and dead.
Henceforth in darkness and alone,
Through dreary fens, my way leads on,
The last pure heavenly light that shone
Before my wandering life is gone.

And now amid the thickening shade
Of night I stand, nor see my way.
The glorious rays of morn that made
My darkest gloom as shining day,
But dashed my poor sight; when fate
The blindness without cure; when fate
His heart of dust, nor, nor fame,
E'er quickened one slow pulse (noble hate
Of ardent youthful hearts, in love
Eshrired, kindles his hollow eye
With serpent fire from above,
His mandate is, so hope must die),
Seized her, her gentle, trusting head
"Ripping on this breast—a smile
Angelo—heavenly, overspread
Her calm, young girlish face the while.
So Minnie died—so died all joy
Of love and hope in one more heart;
O come not, love, again to clay
The soul with sweets, but to depart
Leaving behind a careless wound.

FRANK A. GAWAN, B.A.

Forever and Evermore.

So, orange and myrtle are fair for you,
And your northern eye can gaze
On a wave half dark with shimmering blue,
Half steeped in a golden haze.

And your cup is filled to the brim, you say,
Filled with life's sweetest wine;
Thus I take from your hand, so far away,
A sting you cannot divine.

For your sunlit wave creeps chilly and slow
To break on a northern shore;
I would it had parted us long ago,
Forever and evermore.

"Your hair is touched with the glimmering gold
As the shadows come and go;
Like memory's light on a story told
In the twilight long ago.

From the dear, dear light that was all a dream,
I turn to your words again;
And my heart where sweet lay the golden gleam,
Grows chill with a sudden pain.

For the wave is between us now, you say,
Since the fair May dream is o'er;
I would it had swept us apart that day
Forever and evermore."

Anon in Guley's Magazine.

Between You and Me.

ONE sometimes reads queer stories in the newspapers—tales of misfortune, crime or distress, but I don't think I ever read a queerer story than appeared in a current number of a fine New York weekly.

A well known miner of Wyoming, alone on his way to a recently staked-out claim, was devoured by an enormous bear measuring seven feet in length and weighing six hundred pounds. The bear was very shortly killed by a hunter, so his part in the story was authentic. But where on earth did the paragraph get the following details of the tragic end of the well known miner? The paragraph says: "Mason discovered the tracks of a bear leading to a canyon about three miles in length. He had hardly entered the defile before he discovered the animal poised as if waiting an attack. Mason, without stopping to examine the sort of game he was tackling, fired a shot, then saw to his horror that the bear was a grizzly and an unusually large one at that. He fired one shot that went wide of the mark. His Winchester then refused to work and he took refuge in a tree, where he remained for a long time, until fancying the bear had gone away he descended, only to find his enemy, who had awaited him in ambush, upon him, and he was soon devoured." So runs the story, but whence came the details? Did the bear supply facts in an ante-mortem examination? Did poor Mason's dry bones live again? However did the reporter get his graphic information? Did he just dream it?

Contradictory reports continue to appear in the papers as to the state of affairs in Chicago. Evidently some of the visitors have not passed satisfactorily through the ordeal of sight-seeing. From east and west come stories of bewilderment and bad usage suffered at the Windy City, and along with the stories comes incidental evidence of who was most to blame. An experienced commercial man paid seventy-five cents for a sandwich and a dish of strawberries and cream, and spent over fifty dollars in four or five days. He grows fearfully and denounces the Fair as a swindle and a game of grab. I should very much like to see an itemized account of his disbursements, not that I doubt he spent the money, but that he need not have done so. Any fool can throw money about, any miser can save, but it takes a level head to spend money properly. As to strawberries and a sandwich at seventy-five cents, it goes without saying that any provisions purchased within the Fair grounds must cost, as the boys say, "away up in G." They do at every exhibition of such colossal magnitude. But with a fifteen-minute ten-cent steam car service to the heart of the city, where a chicken dinner can be had in a neat restaurant for a quarter, no one need pay seventy-five cents a bite for exhibition lunches. A whole day is rather long to spend at the exhibition anyway. One can be quite tired enough if one goes out at noon after lunch, and comes back at half-past six to a cool bath and a hearty dinner. Two things I really did not approve of, the way the chair men bump one over rough places in springless chairs, and the necessity of buying a ticket for the privilege of entering the toilette rooms. A woman with a party of little ones was obliged to pay thirty cents for herself and her little brood, for a convenience which common humanity and decency should have provided for such visitors free of charge. Personally, I was more than willing to contribute a nickel for a cool wash, a glass of fresh water and a nice clean towel provided by a smart colored lady, in a trim housemaid uniform, but others more handicapped and less dowered were wroth, and with some show of reason.

The Columbian Guards are still being raked fore and aft by ignorant and splenetic pilgrims. I wonder why I didn't meet any of the stupid, boorish, giddy or impertinent boys in blue whom the *Argonaut* of San Francisco and the *Illustrated American* of New York talk about. Perhaps, oh lovely thought, because I wasn't ignorant or splenetic, or even a reporter on those aforesaid charming papers! I talked to quite a number of those young men, saw them directing distracted females, advising young gentlemen from the back townships, picking up parcels for careless women, shadowing and nabbing clerical-garbed pickpockets and reclaiming purses for weeping girls, signaling to S. S. men (employed by the Secret Service Office), always apparently attending to business, alert and capable. And again I must record my surprise that so many people seem to have failed to discover their quiet excellence.

An article caught my eye the other day headed *The Summer Cat*. Poor pussy, how she vagabondizes round the neighborhood when the family she honors with her patronage are holidaying at the Island, in Muskoka, Europe or some favored country resort. One's heart is steeled against the summer cat, for one dare not leave a kitchen door or window open if any meal is in course of preparation, or a scrap of butter or a pitcher of milk accessible. The summer cat is a bandit, a thief and a pirate all rolled into one. A summer cat carried off a dainty loin of spring lamb from under the very noses of myself and Mr. Gay, and she actually snatched a fish from the frying pan one sultry morning. Where she got the strength to serenade the neighborhood every night used to puzzle me, for she grew thinner and thinner and more daring and reprobate as the summer waned. Even if I didn't hate cats I should have given her a wide berth.

The postman brought me to-day a couple of copies of the two little magazines in which the Countess of Aberdeen, our own coming Governor's wife, is interested.

In *Onward and Upward* the Countess discusses talks of the Irish industries and explains their benefit to the peasantry of the Emerald Isle. Everyone knows what a hearty worker the handsome Countess has been at the World's Fair, and how Irish she tried to make us, (and it wasn't such a trial after all!) She rode up to the Canadian building the day we gathered to give her a Canadian welcome, in an Irish jaunting car, and she was the life and soul of the Irish village, even while she had so

many other appointments, speeches and receptions to attend and think about.

The Irish industries, as represented by the show of work in Suffolk street, Dublin, where I passed an admiring hour last June, are really worthy all honor. They embrace every grade of work, from the coarse woolen frieze to the elegant Irish point lace, knitting, embroidery, and the predominant idea I took away with me was "Behold, it was very good." Indestructible cloth, filmy lace, strong yet dainty, lovely china, (who doesn't admire the shining Belleek ware?) and the quaintest and prettiest designs in needlework done on the beautiful Irish linen; basket work and wood carving, all were notably excellent. Irish poplin should be a modish weave next winter when our earl and countess take official rank in Canada.

LADY GAY.

thoughts, that our bodies must suit themselves to our clothing instead of the clothing being a humble servant of the body! We do think thus, otherwise how can we account for the presence of the long skirt on a rainy day, bedrizzling and inconveniencing the wearer at every step, or why do we wear it on the wheel, and at the walking or boating party?

What a heaven on earth this world will be when one may dress suitably without drawing unpleasant attention.

Just here my friend gripped my arm a little more tightly, and, looking up, I saw that she was meeting the battery of the first pair of eyes. The owner of said battery was herself virtuously bowing down to Conventionality, Ignorance and Stupidity, by trailing her garments in the dust. But if she had

"By what authority do they arrogate to themselves the right to be comfortable and free and strong? Have they a monopoly, forsooth, of dressing so as to promote clear blood and an active brain?"

I can picture the style of woman that would meet the approbation of such men. She will lie gracefully on the lounge a considerable part of the day; exhibit languid surprise at a bit of small news; be pettish (from weak nerves) in trouble, and require the frequent service of a doctor. If she has children her girls are puny, her boys are undersized. She will probably die prematurely, but assuredly in the happy consciousness of never having caused the world to raise an eyebrow.

My friend and I had now retraced our steps and were at home.

"What a relief," she said, "to be away from

believes that "any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it," and he is right.

The mean man never lets you see what money he has; when he is going to pay for anything he turns his back to you, clutches his money tight, and, so to say, draws it out of his hand, placing the coins down one by one, for he is loath to part with them even for necessities. Such a man is not far removed from a miser, who rarely carries money about his person at all, unless it be sewn up in his clothes. By the bye, the mean man will grow dimly eloquent over his losses, but you never hear of his gains.

Remember, the man who jingles his money, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, hasn't got much. A bunch of keys and a few coppers make a good deal of noise!

There are various finer shades of character to be discerned from closely observing the way in which men handle their money.—*Tit Bits*.

An Old Engineer Tells Why.

"It makes me mad," said the old engineer, "to hear people ask why a man don't do so-and-so when his engine strikes. It all comes like a stroke of lightning. When we piled 'em up in the Whitesville cut and killed eight, year before last, I was sitting in my window that night, looking ahead as careful as anyone could. We had started on the curve and she was going as fast as the wheels could turn, forty minutes behind time, and the deuce to pay if we didn't make it up by morning. Jimmy Hartsell was feeding 'er every minute. "I thought I saw a glimmer of light on the bank ahead. It was the flash from the headlight around the other bend of the curve. Between the time I caught that flash and when I saw the headlight swing round the cut as big as a tub it couldn't have been a hundredth part of a second. We were nose to nose before I realized—no, I don't think I realized—but I put on the air with one yank, yelled to Jimmy, and fell out of the window. I was cut all up. The wreck was on fire and people were hollerin' underneath. I laid there feelin' of myself, expectin' every minute to find a soft place, but I was all right, and three days after I went to Jimmy's funeral. After that I don't want any man to tell me what you ought to do."

Diplomacy Lost on the Tinkers.

When a father found out that his son John had been courting a certain farmer's daughter for a year or more without settling the question, he called him out behind the stack and said to him:

"John, do you love Susan Tinker?"
"I am sure I do, dad."
"And does she love you?"
"That's what I dunno, and I'm afraid to ask her."

"Well, you'd better throw out a few hints to-night and find out. It's no use wearing out boot leather unless you are going to marry her."

That night at ten o'clock John came home a wreck. His face was all scratched, his ear was bleeding, his hat gone, his coat ripped up the back, and he was covered with mud.

"John! John! What on earth is the matter?" exclaimed the old man, laying down his paper.

"Bin over to Tinker's," was the reply. "And—and—I threw out a few hints to Susan."

"What kind o' hints?"
"Why, I told her I'd been hoodin' it two miles four nights out of a week for the last year to set up with her while she sang through her nose, and now I reckoned it was time for her to brush her teeth and darn up her stockings, cure the pimple on her chin and tell the old folks that we're engaged."

"And her father kicked you out?"

"No, dad, no; that's where I'm consoled. It took the whole blessed family, including Susan, two laborers, and three dogs, and then I wasn't more'n half licked. I guess we moved on 'em too soon, dad. I guess it wasn't quite time to throw out hints."

A Kissing Fair.

Halmagen, a Roumanian country town of 1200 inhabitants, holds its annual fair on the Feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly married brides from some sixty to eighty villages in the district: widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home. The young women in festive attire, and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine enwreathed with flowers in their hands. They kiss everyone they meet, and afterwards present the jug to his lips for a "nip." The individual thus regaled bestows a small gift on the fair Cybele. Not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and her family. She is therefore reserved towards strangers, and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste of her wine. The kissing is carried on everywhere, in the street, in the taverns, and in private houses. The origin of this custom is veiled in obscurity. Some say that it dates back to the time when the Turks made frequent raids into Transylvania, and carried away all the young women they could lay their hands on. Such of them as contrived to escape from captivity, happening to return to Halmagen at the time of the fair, kissed their friends and relatives, and even strangers who congratulated them on their wonderful deliverance.

Lucky Brutes.

"Clara treats me like a dog."
"Well, you don't seem to feel very bad about it."
"I should say not! She treats me as most girls treat their poodles—kisses me and loves me like everything."

Since the Fair Opened.

Erastus—Whar yo' git dat nobbly smoke-stack?
Lycurgus—Dat kem from Shekarger. Yo' see, deir heads don't fit deir hats enny mo', so dey have to t'row dem away.

The Wreck.

Professor Morey—Is it a model of the city of Jerusalem?
Mr. Fischer—Oh, no! It's the piano keyboard after Paderewski had played 'Das Rheingold.'

A Reproof.

Man in the Water-Help, help! I can't swim!
Reagan—Be Gobbs, nather kin Oi, meelf; but yee don't hear me yellin' it out as if it wor somethin' to be proud av.

Prominent Members of the Behring Sea Arbitration.



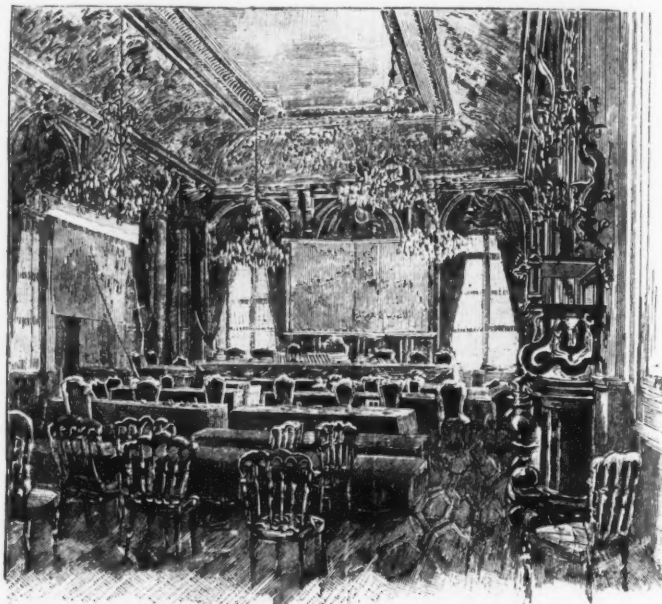
M. Visconti-Venosta (Italy).



M. le baron de Courcel, President.



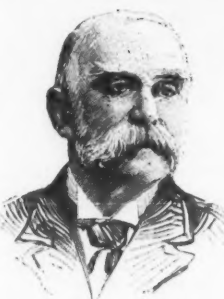
M. Gregers Gram (Sweden).



Hall in Foreign Office where the Arbitration Meets.



Sir John Thompson (Canada).



Hon. James Carter (United States).



Sir Charles Russell (England).



Hon. J. Phelps (United States).



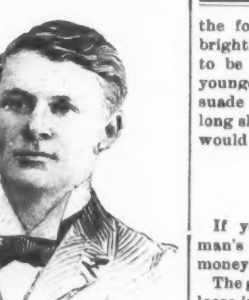
Hon. John Foster (United States).



Sir Richard Webster (England).



Christopher Robinson (Canada).



Hon. C. H. Tupper (Canada).

By the Way.

LAST Saturday night my friend and I were to go out together for a walk. It was to be a very notable walk, for she was to wear, for the first time, her "reform" skirt. In explanation I must say that my friend has for years been a dress reformer, the latest plank in her platform being the short skirt. She had resolved, therefore, that her spring suit this year should proclaim her a member of the Short Skirt League.

Fortitude is needed to enable us to bear the incision of the surgeon's knife, or to be calm in great danger, but who shall say what heroism is necessary, or what deep-laying conviction of wrong to be righted, to send a woman forth in a dress differing from that of the rest of womankind? So thought I, as I looked upon the flushed face, bright eyes and tightly compressed lips of my friend, as we stepped upon the pavement last Saturday night.

What a pity it is that we women have the idea, unexpressed but pervading all our

been lavish in the use of material in the skirt of her robe, she certainly had economized in the trunk, for she breathed laboriously as she swept by.

"Ah," I reflected, "with her cruel glance askance at progress, what a class of barriers that woman represents. She probably belongs to those who denigrate every deviation from the habits of our grandmothers as 'unfeminine.' It is unfeminine to ride, to run, to climb, to shout, or in any other way to indicate that one has good muscles, fine lungs, and joyous spirits."

Still my friend and I were walking on. We were now trying to take a little amusement out of the regularity with which everyone we met glanced from her skirt to her face, and back again to the skirt, keeping the glance there until the last moment.

Now we encounter two men striding pleasantly along. We catch their remark as they pass—"Zounds, why won't women keep their place!"

"A snap of my finger for those specimens of the 'lord of creation,'" say I to my friend.

the foolish stare of all those eyes. But," brightly, "if we cannot induce the older people to be rational, we must try to influence the younger. Suppose, for instance, we could persuade the girls of sixteen never to don the long skirt at all. Never having known it they would never miss it. Good night."

EDITH M. LUKE.

Men and Money.

If you want to know something about a man's character, watch how he handles his money.

The generous, careless man carries his money loose in his pocket—copper, silver and gold all mixed up together; and when he is going to pay for anything, he takes out a handful and picks out the amount he requires. He seems to have no fear of robbery, for he is of a trustful disposition, and, being perfectly honest himself, thinks most others are like him. Of course he is often cheated and imposed upon, yet he never entirely loses his faith in his fellow creatures. A fine nature is his; in fact, too fine to cope with the many greedy, grasping mortals that flood the world.

The man who, if he has to pay a few pence, won't even take the trouble of counting out the amount in coppers, but throws down a piece of silver to be changed—and, by the bye, he rarely counts his change—is a type of "a fool and his money are soon parted." Perhaps a love of display, almost inseparable from such a character, has something to do with this. Such a man goes beyond being generous; he is a downright spendthrift, who usually does his level best to "go to the dogs," and, as a rule, is promptly landed at his canine goal.

The careful man always carries a purse, and keeps the gold, silver and copper in different compartments. A man like this never wastes his money; he values it as it ought to be valued, and, though not niggardly, is determined to have his money's worth. He quite

THE FLOATING BEACON.

Published anonymously many years ago in Blackwood's Magazine, this powerful story gives a lurid picture of the dark doings of two evil spirits amid howling gales and stormy seas.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight; and as I did not wish to have any communication with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin and soon after retired to his berth. Believing, from this arrangement that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my berth and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand.

"Do you hear that?" cried I.

"Here what?" returned she. "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."

"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.

"No—yes, I mean," said Marietta. "Why do you ask that? He went upstairs."

"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."

"How can that be?" answered Marietta.

"Angerstoff is asleep."

"Asleep! Didn't you say he went upstairs?"

"I don't know," returned she. "I am hardly awake yet. Let us listen for a moment."

Everything was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out: "Ah! that knife! you are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!"

A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs and tried to push open the folding-doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly to no purpose. "Someone is killed," cried I. "The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty."

"I know nothing of that," returned Marietta. "We can't be of any use now. Come here again!—how dreadfully quiet it is! My God!—a drop of blood has fallen through the skylight. What faces are you looking down upon? But this lamp is going out. We must be going through the water at a terrible rate—how it rushes past us! I am getting dizzy. Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices—"

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out: "Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him! He will be drowned." His hands and dress were marked with blood, and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion.

"You are a murderer!" exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.

"How do you know that?" said he, staggering back. "I'm sure you never saw—"

"Hush, hush," cried Marietta to him; "are you mad? Speak again! What frightens you? Why don't you run and help Morvalden?"

"Has anything happened to him?" enquired Angerstoff, with a gasp of consternation.

"You told us he had fallen overboard," returned Marietta. "Must my husband perish?"

"Give me some water to wash my hands," said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel, and put my hands on the gunwale while I leaned over and looked downward. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer.

The sea, the beacon, and the sky appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathoms below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that someone had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backward and forward; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Everything was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by disordered vision. However, it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forward with wild desperation, and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly and said something, but I could only distinguish the words "murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death." I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently and he was shaken off the cable and dropped in the water. He floated for an instant and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea, thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they

came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin. The doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff, speaking in his sleep, filled my ears at intervals.

"Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won't burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil. Is that a boat coming? Yes, yes, I hear the oars. Damnation!—why is that corpse so long of sinking? If it doesn't go down soon, they'll find me out. How terribly the wind blows!—we are driving ashore. See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—how he writhes in the water!"

Marietta now rushed from her room, with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm tried to awake him. He soon rose up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his berth and lay down in it.

Next morning, when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupefied with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time.

He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air, but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer.

"Why, that you are one," replied I, after a pause.

"Beware what you say," returned he fiercely; "you cannot escape my power now. I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard."

"Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?" enquired I.

He grew pale, and then cried: "You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!"

"I saw it," said I. "I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said—"

"Ha, ha, ha—devils!—curses!" exclaimed Angerstoff. "Did you hear me dreaming? I was mad last night. Come, come! We shall tend the beacon together—let us make friends, and don't be afraid, for you'll find me a good fellow in the end."

He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect.

After the lapse of an hour, the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away toward the shore. I immediately shouted, and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me. The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried: "Does the wretch mean to make his escape? For God's sake, prevent the possibility of that!"

"Yes, yes," returned Angerstoff; "he never shall leave the vessel. He had as well take care, lest I do to him what I did to—"

"To Morvalden, I suppose you mean," said I.

"Well, well, speak it out," replied he ferociously. "There is no one here to listen to your damnable falsehoods, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—"

"Come," interrupted Marietta; "don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away. If he wants to give you the slip, he must leap overboard."

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life, would be endangered if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass, at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and more than once seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered, in a state of fearful circumspection, from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me, my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when night came on I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backward and forward between the cabin and the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and

momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn and my eyes dazzled; I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur or the faintest breath of wind set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my berth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed in the course of which I did not start up and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard someone near my bed—I sprang from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin. I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said: "What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest. Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it."

I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he showed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and for a time forgot that my situation had anything painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my berth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day, while I was walking the deck and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining, and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the door carefully behind him. I was struck with his behavior, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to anything else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprang from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying: "It is of no use—the gangway doors are fastened. Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the skylight, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of the head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me, brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried: "Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us; but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so!" I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but, being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to affect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment, Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming: "What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting. Marietta, come and lend a hand." They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without.

Someone asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.

"Well, quite well," replied the former; "but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person."

"Strange enough," said the first speaker, laughing.

"He is ill and in good health at the same time? He had as well be overboard as in that condition."

"Overboard!" repeated Angerstoff. "What! how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me. Is there any news stirring ashore?"

"Why," said the stranger, "the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect, from the wounds on his body, that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and Government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board, who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant you. Why, you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell."

"No, no, no," returned Angerstoff; "I never heard of a murder but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—we'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid."

"So you don't want any fish to-day?" cried the stranger. "Then I'll be off—good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by and by."

I now heard the sound of oars and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and taking hold of his arm said:

"Do you believe what that man has told you?"

"Yes, by the eternal hell!" cried he vehemently. "I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough."

"My God!" exclaimed she, "what is to become of us? How dreadful! We are chained here and cannot escape."

"Escape? what?" interrupted Angerstoff. "Girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue."

"Oh," returned Marietta, "I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there."

They now went up the gangway stairs together and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backward and forward with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away and exclaimed, "God help us! they are coming now!"

Marietta on hearing this ran wildly towards him and put her hand in his, but he pushed her to one side and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time he started and cried, "I have it now! It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!" He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterward the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief by exclaiming: "She will capsize! Shift the ballast or we must go to the bottom!"

In the midst of this I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat which was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupefied with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open had I not closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened around us neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled along with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but, the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause of it for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted toward the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and in a little time after a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard aground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and, watching a favorable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run toward the cliffs the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around I neither saw any thing distinctly nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute, till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and after an hour of perilous exertion discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and, having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta. "No, no," cried he; "that is impossible. Fear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddies, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

THE END.

A Surplus in Sight.

Wool—Joblots has a scheme to raise abundant funds to keep the streets clean by imposing a system of fines.

Van Pelt—Whom would he fine?
Wool—People who use profanity in speaking of their present condition.

Not in Luck.

Mrs. O'Toole—Mrs. Nolan's first husband was killed by a blast and she got five thousand dollars; her second was hit in the army and she got ten dollars a month.

Mrs. Regan—She wor in great luck.
Mrs. O'Toole—No, she wor not; her second drank up the five thousand dollars, and when she married the third the plan was stopped. But she made the new man insure his life for ten thousand dollars, and she says she shall go on doubling her bets till she breaks the bank.

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The Most Agreeable Dentifrice in Use

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"CROWN" Granulated

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EXTRA GRANULATED
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YELLOW SUGARS
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SYRUPS

Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.
SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tin, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. cans

A Woodville Miracle.

The Remarkable Case of Little Georgie Veale.

After Three Years of Illness His Friends Despaired of His Recovery—Restoration Came When Hope Had Almost Fled—The Little Fellow is Now as Lively as a Cricket—A Story That Will Bring Hope to Other Parents.

Woodville Independent.

The Independent has published from time to time the particulars of some very remarkable cures following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These cases have been so fully verified as to leave no doubt that this now universally favorite remedy is one of the greatest medical achievements of an age that has been remarkable for the wonderful discoveries of science. Possibly some of our readers may have thought that the virtues of this medicine have been exaggerated, but there are many among them who can testify to its virtues, and now *The Independent* is enabled to give the particulars of a cure occurring in our village quite as remarkable as any that has hitherto been published, and which may be so easily verified by any of our readers that scepticism must be silent. We had heard that little Georgie Veale had been cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as all our people know, that little boy had been ill for a long time and his recovery was thought to be hopeless. The report of his cure, therefore, created so much astonishment that we resolved to ascertain the facts, and accordingly we called upon Mr. Veale to get the particulars. Mr. George Veale has been a resident of this village for years, is a wagon-maker by trade and is well known to all of our citizens, as well as to most of the people of the surrounding country. He has a family of young children who unfortunately lost their mother some six years ago. One of these children, named Georgie, is about seven years of age, and some three years ago was taken ill and has since been practically helpless, and as a result much sympathy was felt for the family owing to the child being motherless. The case of the little fellow was considered hopeless and no one ever expected to see him able to rise from his bed again. On asking Mr. Veale about the report we had heard of the boy's recovery, he said it was quite true, and expressed his willingness to give us the particulars, declaring that he had no hesitation in saying that it was owing to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that the lad was now better. He said that some two and a half years ago little Georgie was taken ill with inflammation of the bowels, and received good medical treatment. After being ill for some time, the trouble seemed to take a new form and settled in his bones, which became diseased. During the summer he got a little better, but when winter set in he was taken down, and the disease became worse. Swelling arose over the body, and several small pieces of bone came out. He could take but very little sustenance, and for seven months could not stand on his feet. He had to remain in bed or be carried about in his sister's arms. All the medicine he got did him no good and his case was given up as hopeless, and it was thought that he would not long survive. Mr. Veale had read of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Pink Pills, and decided that all things else having failed, he would try what they would do for his boy. Accordingly he purchased some at Fead's drug store, and began giving them to his son. After about two weeks he found that there was an improvement in his condition, which warranted the further use of the Pink Pills, and accordingly he procured another supply. "And now," said his father, "the little fellow is running about as lively and as mischievous as ever." "There is no doubt about the matter," said Mr. Veale, "Pink Pills cured my boy when all other remedies had failed, and I am glad to give this information so that it may be of benefit to others."

We called upon Mr. Fead, the druggist, and asked him his opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that the demand for them was so great as to be astonishing, and that those who once used them buy again, thus proving their value. Mr. Fead said he sold more Pink Pills than any other remedy, and the demand is still increasing, and he thought no better evidence could be given of their value as a medicine than this.

The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions and thus eliminates disease from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called

blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Tricks of Railway Thieves.

The traveling season is now approaching rapidly, and as railway stations are undoubtedly the most fruitful fields for enterprising thieves, it may be as well to place before the public a few of the ways and means of these gentry.

The reason of the preference shown for railway stations was easily explained by a notoriously expert pickpocket, who said that while ladies and the public generally carry but little money when walking, or even shopping, all are bound to have plenty of money whilst traveling. He also remarked that if ladies would carry their purses in a pocket in the bosom of their dress, instead of in reticules or in their hands, they could then defy any thief, even the skilful scarf-pin stealer.

But a far more dangerous branch of railway thieves is that of the luggage-stealers. Of all forms of theft this certainly requires the greatest experience and self-possession, for it may not be generally understood that if men who are well known even show themselves on a great London terminus, they can be arrested and imprisoned with hard labor for three months, under the Prevention of Crimes Act. From this it will be seen that so daring a robbery as luggage-stealing must be conducted in the most open manner possible, and with the assistance of railway porters, like ordinary passengers.

A case which illustrates the cool and amazing clever way in which this is worked was brought to light only a few days ago in the police courts. A well-dressed man was seen on a certain platform endeavoring to find his luggage, and noticing a porter wheeling a truck loaded with boxes and parcels, he at once recognized the lot as his own; at the same time he abused the man for the delay with such consummate acting that the two detectives, who were watching the whole transaction, were lost in admiration.

The porter was then ordered to wheel the truck into the station yard, where its contents were leisurely conveyed on to a cab. The "passenger" then got in and gave cabby the usual directions, but the watchful detectives considered that matters had gone far enough. Stepping up to the cab they enquired of its occupant if there was not some little mistake.

Of course the game was up, the luggage was taken back to the platform and the audacious thief arrested, to be prevented, we hope, from making such awkward blunders again for a very long time to come.

A most amusing and very clever instance of outwitting even smart detectives occurred some months ago at Fenchurch street station. A special train was to leave for the Albert Docks to convey passengers to a big P. and O. steamer bound for India, all of whom were very wealthy men traveling first-class.

Among the crowds of gentlemen chatting on the platform in traveling costume was a tall, dark man, surrounded by trunks, deck-chairs, and corded boxes, yet apparently not one of the party, as he had just come from abroad and was waiting for porters to remove his luggage.

This gentleman was elegantly dressed and distinguished-looking, and occasionally consulted his watch with an air of well-bred boredom. Nearly all the passengers having retired to the refreshment rooms, save this one, he called a porter and pointed out a large pile of luggage, which he wanted removed to a cab outside. This order was nearly executed when a detective followed them outside and pointed out that there was certainly something wrong somewhere, as the wrong luggage had been removed. The labels were examined and the error was detected, so the truck was loaded once more and taken back to the platform.

A second time was a heap of valuable property wheeled out, this time escorted by the supposed owner and two detectives, who entertained the gentleman with stories of daring luggage thieves. After he had been driven off they returned to the platform to witness the departure of the train, but found that one of the passengers was missing his luggage. From descriptions furnished by this gentleman, the detectives learned to their horror that his luggage had been deliberately stolen by an expert thief, and, further, that they themselves had superintended its removal. I may add that the property was valued at £1,500, and the thief was never captured. From this it will be seen that though our great stations swarm with detectives, and every precaution is taken, it is absolutely necessary to look after one's own property. And the luggage-stealer's clever trick is not confined to London alone, as the following story will show:

A very valuable lot of luggage was consigned to Brighton from Victoria, to be called for on arrival there by the owner's carriage, which would then convey it to his house in Western Road. A carriage did call, the correct name was given, and the coachman, assisted by the porters, placed the boxes in and upon the brougham, which was then driven slowly off.

Scarcely three hours after this, another carriage called for the same luggage, and the coachman was given in charge as an impostor. It appeared, however, that this was the real man, and that the property was cleverly stolen by the first caller, who never turned up again. It was supposed that all particulars were obtained from the owner's servants—a class which has come forward lately in the startling guise of the conscious or unconscious accomplices of crime—and thus a daring robbery was successfully executed. —London Tid Bits.

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.

"Did you ever compose a hymn?"

"Not quite—that is, I've written soap advertisements."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR SUNSTROKE.

It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement.

Railway Information

Hoffman Howes—If you call the main track a trunk line, what do you call these little branches to the suburbs?

Howson Lotts—Oh, they are bundle lines.

Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in wasting diseases and consumption.

The Only Way.

"Did you ever get back the umbrella that you lent Braasher?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I borrowed it again."

"Will you be so kind?"

"No; from the man he lent it to."

Saved From Insanity.

The circumstances connected with the case of Mrs. Legault, of 775 St. Andrews street, Montreal, are interesting to all who have friends or relatives who show a tendency to that dreadful disease—insanity. This terrible trouble is not always hereditary; thousands are brought to insane institutions owing to negligence of their friends, and a lack of proper treatment when suffering from certain ailments. Insomnia, continual headaches, and a diseased nervous system soon bring on irritability, vexatious mood, uncontrollable thoughts, loss of memory, and then—insanity. There is no use poisoning the system with drugs, and, as in Mrs. Legault's case, physicians cannot afford much relief. Help must come from another quarter: the sufferer must have a nerve and brain food that will give strength to the nervous system as well as the body. Mrs. Legault's life was saved by the use of this nerve and brain food, now known as Paine's Celery Compound. She admits that it saved her life, and now wishes to make known to other sufferers its great value. Mrs. Legault, under date of May 20th, 1893, writes as follows: "I cannot help telling my fellow sufferers what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was suffering from insomnia, nervous prostration, loss of memory and headache, and I was in such a state that I felt for some time as if it would end in insanity; and had matters continued as they were I would have been a lost woman. I went to many doctors, they treated me with all their skill but my nerves got no better. I am the mother of seven children, and spent all the money I could get for medicines, but without any good results and I became disheartened. My friends told me to try Paine's Celery Compound, I did so. The first bottle did not bring much relief, but the second began to work on my nerves most miraculously, and I continued using it until to-day, and now, after using seven bottles, I can positively say I am cured."

Over Indulgence.

Lecturer—The glass-cater is dead, sir. Museum Manager—What did he die of?

Lecturer—Alcoholism.

Museum Manager—Nonsense! The man never drank a drop.

Lecturer—Well, somebody told me he took a glass too much.

A Change of Name.

TORONTO, ONT., June 19.—The announcement has been made of an important business change in this city, which will be noted with interest throughout the Dominion. The business of Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., manufacturers of Dodd's Kidney Pills, Anti-Dandruff and other preparations, will in future be conducted by a company to be known as The Dodd's Medicine Company, Ltd. There is no change in the management, but the formation of the company was deemed necessary and advisable because of the enormous increase of business, and the new name was chosen to identify the company with its most popular remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The company has found it necessary to enlarge its premises and build a large shipping department, and to make the additions to its working staff and to give increased facilities for shipping. Orders for Dodd's Kidney Pills are pouring in daily from all parts of Canada and the United States, and the company finds it difficult to keep the supply equal to the demand.

Heredity.

Mrs. Blueblood (to landlady)—Don't give my Willie any shad. Mrs. Prunes. All our family are so easily choked to death.

The Earth is Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."

The New York Central, by the introduction of its Empire State express, has poured to a greater degree than any other force on this continent, aided this shrinking process. It is possible, by taking this fastest train in the world, to breakfast leisurely at your home or hotel in New York, and dine in Buffalo or Niagara Falls, almost 450 miles away, in your usual hour. Toronto people can leave Union Station at 7:50 a.m. and connect with this train at Buffalo, reaching New York the same evening at 10:30. Apply by mail to Edison J. Weeks, General Passenger Agent, Buffalo, N.Y., for copy of one of the Four Track Series.

In the Classical Style.

Mr. Constant Ponderer—Do you, sir, consider me to be the apex of creation?

Mr. Rest—No; the E-x-ape.

New Facts About the Dakotas

In the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

World's Fair and Back.

The shortest and best route from Canada to the Columbian Exposition is via the new Wabash, Detroit & Chicago short line just opened, and is now running four solid trains daily, passing through principal Canadian cities without any change, the sleeping day coaches and dining cars in the world, landing passengers at Dearborn station in the business center of the city, near cable cars and leading hotels. Take no World's Fair ticket unless it reads "via Detroit and the banner route." Full particulars from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

While I Was at the Fair—

Mrs. Barnes—Hiram, what her' you bought that expensive book about the Chicago Fair for?

Barnes—Fur th' summer boarders, o' course! Won't they want material fer lyin' about w'en they go back home?

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JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT

Visitors to the World's Fair

Will find these reliable brands of pure

ALE AND STOUT

on sale at all the leading hotels, restaurants, clubs and refreshment rooms in CHICAGO.

Families supplied by C. JEVNE & CO., 110-112 Madison Street, Chicago.

ASK FOR THEM

Brewery at London, Ont., Canada

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own names. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

PROSE.—You are open and frank to indiscretion, good-tempered, hasty in conclusions, a little careless, very persistent and persevering, somewhat bright and attractive in manner, fond of number one, rather cool in sympathy and absolutely devoid of tact.

AS YOU LIVE IT.—Abundant imagination, energy and ambition, with warm affections, some perseverance, with hope and sense of humor; impulse is strong and effort lacks self-control; culture is deficient and would be well repaid, as the lines show a very capable and original style of character.

BURTON (London).—I am not quite happy about that non de plume. Your letter is a belated February one. 2. Your writing shows a careful, persevering, somewhat impatient but capable nature, with taste, refinement and strongly conserved opinions, moderate inflections, light will, rather social instincts, frank and honest nature.

NAK.—You are strong, of good method, energetic and of marked constancy and force of will, somewhat idealistic, warm in feeling and very frank, dependent on social intercourse for your happiness. You were never born to live alone. You are courageous, somewhat imaginative and a very attractive and individual personage. I am glad you like the SATURDAY NIGHT, and read it so far away.

MR. SWIPER.—1. If that is not your signature, please don't blame me. 2. You are humorous, good-tempered, very persevering, original and bright in manner and thought. You are probably a student and though capable of concentration, you are not narrow-minded. You can be content in a very trying position and are undoubtedly warm in feeling, and while destitute of finesse, apt to influence others. Such a specimen as yours deserves more time than I have at my command.

NELLIE BLT.—And to you would like me to tell you whether you would be "better fitted to lead a single or married life." Now, Nellie, the very fact of your asking tells a good deal. And you'd also like to know "whether your husband, if you have any, will be dark or fair?" Oh dear, you silly thing! But I like your modesty in doubting the securing of the unfortunate individual. That is about the best trait in your very crude writing, from which I really cannot give you any satisfaction. I am sure you are not a developed character.

ACROBA.—1. The German words mean, Thy sweetheart; thy beloved. 2. If you have kept your caterpillars in the box all this time fasting, I am afraid they are extremely dead; butterflies will live on honey or sugar mixed with water, but it seems an absurd thing to expect to tame them. I never have heard of tame butterflies. They are so frail and short-lived that it seems scarcely worth your while. 3. Your writing shows ability, tenacity, discretion, strong will, unemotional and controlled nature, some self-assertion, care for details and desire for approbation. You are courageous, vivacious and a little peculiar in thought.

JOSEPH THUNDER.—Excessive imagination, great ability and a sensitive and appreciative nature, combined with very peculiar and independent method; caution is large and discretion well marked; humor of a light and playful style is shown, but I think the best of your thoughts is pensive and a trifle despondent. Judgment is not infallible and impulse apt to lead. This is a very interesting study, which it would have been quite impossible for me to have sketched or overlooked; one question, if you get no delineation your letters were never received by me. I am sorry for this fact. I have refused to give studies of enclosed mutilated letters, for reasons already stated, but I might remark that your enclosure is directly opposite in most traits to your own character.

DOROTHY HAWARD.—1. You have one of the queerest peculiarities in spelling I ever saw, Dorothy; that is, you transpose certain letters every time they occur together. Do you know that you spell "night," and thought "though." It looks so queer I wonder you don't notice it when you are writing. 2. Your writing is rather crude and needs developing, but it shows the making of a fine and forcible character. 3. Whether an early marriage is advisable or not, depends altogether on the character of the parties concerned. To some it is the salvation from many pitfalls; to others, the great mistake of a lifetime. Your writing tells me that you are unduly romantic and idealistic; therefore I hope you won't be one of the mistaken ones. If I were you I would leave the question severely alone for some time to come.

HARRY.—Your letter has just turned up again, though I think I answered it long ago. I hope you have had the worth of your money, my dear! And please accept my kind remembrance of the old school days, the happiest if not the most fruitful of our two lives. Your reference to that pre-journalistic period made me realize how time flies! You have me as a man of advantage, however, for in sheltering yourself under a masculine non de plume in this unwarlike manner, you muzzle my expression of regard for you. So glad you are pleasantly situated and have the right kind of a husband. As to the blisters, I never take 'em if I can help it, but when I do, no one knows. As to the friend who prompted that sentence you quote, he is no longer here, and his place will stay swept and garnished until the last day. Alas! that such things must be met. No philosophy can mitigate their sadness.

REGINA.—1. Your case is one which frequently appeals to me, and I am sorry not to have any suggestions to offer. You can make good jam, jelly, and preserve, you might get many housekeepers to give you orders just now. The preserving season will soon be upon us. Make them supply jars and sugar, and you supply fruit. You can manage to get it in quantities wholesale, or you could supply everything and charge enough to pay for the extra trouble. This is merely a suggestion based upon the mention of your housekeeping ability. 2. Your writing shows excellent candor, courage and a good deal of ability, not much hope or ambition, some idealism and tenacity of opinion; you dislike visionary and changeable people, and have little desire to be seen or heard. You are neither over cautious nor too confident, but admirably able to keep your own counsel if required. Endurance, patience and loyalty are among your many excellent characteristics. The specimen of your husband's writing which you enclose shows generosity but care for self, discretion and strong sympathy, intuitive perception and decided capability, love of society, adaptability, impulse and impatience, rather a faculty for castle-building and some imagination, persistence in altercation with a rather capricious will. A character alive to color its finances, and liking publicity; rather in many respects to your direct opposite.

Couldn't Be.

Mrs. Wayupp—I hear that Bella Bullion, now the Countess of Bunco, is unhappy with her husband.

Mrs. Highbump—Impossible!—Simply impossible! Why, the mere floral decorations at her wedding cost ten thousand dollars.



CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Have You Tried the



CORSETS

Sold Everywhere



J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

'Phone 9315

Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 13 crates \$2.00. A crate holds as much as a barrel.

HARVIE & CO., 20 Sheppard Street

Telephone 1070 or send Post Card.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI

FOR INDIGESTION.

SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over FIFTY years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Music.

ALARGE and fashionable audience attended the Upper Canada College Musical Society, concert in the Pavilion on Saturday evening last, notwithstanding the intense heat which prevailed. The programme included several glees by the College Glee Club,

piano solos by Miss Gurney and Miss Labatt, a duo for 'cello and piano by Miss Littlehales and Miss Gurney, and vocal numbers by Mrs. Martin Murphy, Mr. Walter H. Robinson and Mr. Fred W. Lee. An exhibition of fancy drill by a detachment of the U.C.C. Rifle corps, at the end of the first part of the programme, lent variety to an excellent entertainment and was enthusiastically encored. The glees by the boys were quite creditably rendered considering that this has been their first season under their present conductor, Mr. Robinson. I have never heard Miss Gurney play to such good advantage as on this occasion. A more satisfactory bit of ensemble work than the Chopin Introduction and Polonaise, opus 3, for 'cello and piano has seldom been heard here. In this number Miss Gurney played with much freedom and elegance of style, combining with a firm, even and musical touch a genuinely artistic conception of the composition in hand. In her solo numbers also she played with much brilliancy and considerable regard for expression. Miss Littlehales also did excellent work in the Chopin number and in the Serravallo solo for 'cello, playing with a breadth of tone and mastery of detail which won the hearty and spontaneous applause of the audience. Miss Littlehales leaves for England shortly to continue her studies, probably under Signor Platti, one of the most celebrated of cellists. Miss Labatt also contributed a pianoforte solo, and despite nervousness, gave evidence of considerable technical skill and musical feeling. Mrs. Martin Murphy won a pronounced success in Verdi's Ernani, being loudly encored. Mrs. Murphy is the possessor of an excellent soprano voice of more than ordinary volume and sweetness, which she uses with excellent taste and judgment. Her encore number, however, was not well chosen. Mr. Walter Robinson's rendition of Morgan's My Sweetheart When a Boy was one of the successes of the evening and richly deserved the encore accorded it. Mr. Fred W. Lee sang a solo and assisted in Donizetti's trio, Lucia's Borgia, with Mrs. Murphy as soprano and Mr. Robinson as tenor. Mr. Robinson acted as general master of ceremonies during the evening and most satisfactorily. The effect of the glees would not have been diminished, however, had he reminded the boys to add to the elegance of their stage deportment by taking their hands from their trousers pockets. The net proceeds of the concert were devoted to the work of college athletic clubs.

Moulton College was the scene of another graduates' recital on Saturday afternoon of last week, when Miss M. F. Van Etten and Miss Carrie Porter rendered a programme of pianoforte music, illustrating the standard of work demanded from graduates in the music department of the above named institution. Miss Van Etten rendered numbers by Bach, Beethoven, Wagner-Liszt and Chopin; Miss Porter's numbers including compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Wagner-Liszt, Grieg, Delibes, and Paderewski. Both these young ladies did themselves and the institution graduating them great credit. Floral tributes were awarded them and other evidences of satisfaction at their performances were heartily bestowed by the large audience of friends present. Vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Dryden, Miss Holmes and Miss Hambridge, pupils of Miss Smart, who rendered a number of ballads in a very satisfactory manner.

The Conservatory of Music was the scene of a very successful pianoforte recital on Thursday evening of last week, when a varied and exacting programme was rendered by advanced pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher, the director of the institution. The following talented pupils contributed numbers during the evening: Mrs. M. D. Barr, Misses Lila Carr, Elsie Kitchen, Edith Meyers, Lily Dundas, Bella Geddes, F.T.C.M.; Louise Reeve, A.T.C.M.; Julia F. MacBrien, Ethelind G. Thomas, A.T.C.M.; Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M.; and Ruby Preston, A.T.C.M. Assistance was rendered during the evening by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette and Miss Lauretta A. Bowes, whose quartettes and recitations respectively were much admired.

On Thursday evening of last week a piano recital of more than ordinary interest was given at the College of Music by Miss Fannie Sullivan, a member of the College faculty and pupil of Mr. Torrington, assisted by Miss Snarr, soprano; Mr. Burt, basso; Mr. Boucher, violinist; and Mr. Morgan, cellist. I have so frequently spoken of the many merits of Miss Sullivan's work that it would be superfluous to add anything now, further than to say that her performance on this occasion was fully equal to any of her previous efforts. The selection, included solos by Schumann, Scharwenka, Chopin, Grieg and Moszkowski, and the piano part in Mendelssohn's trio for piano, 'cello and violin, op. 49. The vocal numbers on the programme were much enjoyed likewise.

Miss Nora Clench's many Canadian friends will be pleased to learn that her former teacher, Mr. J. W. Baumann of Hamilton, has arranged a tour of some forty concerts for her throughout Canada. Miss Clench has just completed a course of study in Brussels under the tuition of M. Isaye, the great Belgian maestro. As a result, her style has been considerably softened and refined without detracting from its former breadth and purity. She is now recognized as one of the first lady violinists before the public in England, where she has recently been winning a distinctive success at every appearance.

The closing concerts of our various musical institutions afford an opportunity for bringing into prominence the work of specially talented students who have been in attendance during the season. One of the most praiseworthy recitals of this character was that given in St. George's Hall on Monday evening last by Miss Minnie Topping of Galt, a pupil of Mr. H. M.

Field. Miss Topping is the fortunate possessor of talent of a very high order. An unusually retentive memory and fine musical instinct, added to considerable technical skill, combine to make the standard of her work of no ordinary merit, reflecting much credit upon herself and her capable instructor. Miss Topping's programme, which was played entirely from memory, included Beethoven's op. 31, No. 2; Mozart's Rondo in A minor; Grieg, Sonata, op. 8 in F Major; Mendelssohn's Lieder Ohne Wort, op. 19, No. 12; Grieg, Papillon; Chopin Brimer, Scherzo; Liszt's Waldesvauschen and Moszkowski's Scherzo Valse. Mrs. Adamson rendered valuable assistance in the Grieg Sonata op. 8 for piano and violin, and several songs were acceptably rendered by Miss McKay and Miss G. Black.

I am pleased to notice that our leading local firms of pipe-organ manufacturers are each at present working upon several important contracts which have been secured against keen competition from other points. The demand for pipe-organs is the most tangible evidence one might desire of the gradual growth of a true musical sentiment throughout the country. Notwithstanding the financial depression which exists throughout the province, it is gratifying to know that so far as the pipe-organ industry is concerned its effect has not been severely felt in this city. Several excellent specimens of pipe-organ manufacture have recently been completed by Messrs. E. Lye & Sons, among them a very effective instrument for Thorold, which does the firm infinite credit. Several new contracts recently signed by the same firm are satisfactory evidence of the confidence felt throughout the country in the class of work turned out at their factory.

Space will not permit me to refer in detail to the many excellent concerts given during the past week in connection with our leading ladies' colleges. The standard of the programmes presented this season at the different institutions is a gratifying indication of the honored place accorded the study of music at our leading ladies' colleges. Particularly praiseworthy were the efforts put forth this year at Moulton College, the Presbyterian Ladies' College, and at the Whitby Ladies' College. The programmes rendered at these institutions show a steady raising of the standard of musical study from year to year, and furnish pleasant reflections concerning the future musical welfare of the country. The character of musical instruction imparted at our leading educational institutions, and by private teachers as well, contributes more than any other agency to the musical development of our province. The ability to discriminate between artistic work and vulgar pretense is the surest safeguard against the humbug which retards the musical growth of many young countries.

St. Catharines.

The residence of Mrs. Samuel Holmes, Ontario street, was the scene of a charming wedding on Tuesday evening, when Louise, the second daughter of the late Samuel Holmes, was given in marriage to Mr. John W. Williamson of the firm of Rice Lewis & Son, of Toronto. Rev. George Burson officiating. Miss Carrie Holmes, younger sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and the groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. S. Alfred Jones of Toronto. The bride was attired in an exquisite gown of white silk, with the conventional veil and orange blossoms, carrying a bouquet of white roses, and certainly made a most lovely bride. After the ceremony refreshments were served in a marquee on the lawn. The bride party left on the evening train to spend their honeymoon in the Eastern States. Miss Holmes will be greatly missed in St. Catharines, and her many friends here wish her all happiness in her new home. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson will be at home on and after July 10 at 49 Howland avenue, Toronto.

Berlin.

We had a very pretty wedding here on June 20, the contracting parties being Mr. George Aldred of the Assistant General Superintendent's Office, C.P.R., Toronto, and Miss L. A. Sherk, eldest daughter of Rev. D. B. Sherk of Berlin. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father, and was performed by Rev. J. B. Bowman, assisted by Rev. W. Backus, in the presence of a numerous party of friends, one of whom, Prof. Zoellner, gave an exceedingly fine rendition of Mendelssohn's Wedding March as the bridal party entered the drawing-room. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in a handsome gown of cream Henrietta trimmed with Irish point lace, and carried a large cluster of white roses. Her bridesmaids were Miss Mary Sherk and Miss Cooley of Galt, the former wearing a dress of dotted Swiss, and yellow roses, and the latter being gowned in pink shot silk trimmed with chiffon lace. Both carried handsome bouquets of white roses. Mr. Geo. Clements of Toronto officiated as groomsmen. After a well served *dejeuner* the newly wedded pair left for Halifax. The numerous wedding gifts made a gorgeous display and marked the esteem in which both bride and bridegroom are held.

St. Thomas.

The St. Thomas Lawn Tennis Club was formally opened at the club grounds on Metcalfe street on Saturday of last week. From the number of new members enjoying the sport we prophesy a successful year for the club. The girls are honorary members this year, and among those participating in the same last week were: Misses Arkell, A. Farley, Allworth, B. Allworth, Phelps, Ermatinger, E. Jones and others. At the annual meeting the following officers were elected: Hon. president, John Farley; hon. vice-president, M. A. Gilbert; president, Joseph Mickelborough; vice-president, Joseph McAdam; secretary, J. H. Jones; committee, Messrs. Arkell, Tait, Horn, Reynolds and Joy.

On Friday evening of last week at Alma College the first examination recital in piano music was given by Misses MacDonald and Windsor. The college chapel held an appreciative and attentive audience, many personal

friends of the young ladies being among the number.

On Saturday afternoon of last week at Recreation Park was ended the most successful race meeting ever held in St. Thomas. Tremendous crowds were present during the three days' meet, and amongst the sterner sex was seen a good sprinkling of the fair ones, who seemed to take as keen an interest as the gentlemen. On the grand stand and in carriages I noticed among others: Mrs. C. O. Ermatinger, Mrs. Rich, Mrs. Nicholl, Mrs. McGeary, Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Travers, Mrs. Geary, Miss Macartney, Mrs. McColl, Mrs. Boughner, Mrs. Nicholson of London, Mrs. Lymington, Mrs. Gustin, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Askell, Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Parish, Miss Gossage, Mrs. Perry, Miss Carrie Williams, Mrs. McCully, Miss Bertha Scarff, and hosts of others.

Mr. George Burns, C. P. R. auditor, spent Sunday in town. He leaves for France shortly, on business connected with the railroad.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Tait have arrived from Owen Sound and taken up their residence over the Molson's Bank. Mr. Tait has now assumed the management of the bank.

Miss Ermatinger is staying with friends in Toronto.

Several new handsome residences and stores are going up all over the city, and we claim to have the soundest city for its size in Ontario.

The St. Thomas Rifle Club has been formed with a great many members, who practice weekly at the new range back of the old water-works. Messrs. Glenn, Kains, Beville, Ponsford, Eustes and Stacey are executive officers.

A very pleasant hour was spent at the Grand Central Hotel the other evening, when Mr. Lockwood was presented with a very handsome set of silver. Mr. W. H. King and Mr. MacDonald Fraser had the matter in hand under the auspices of the Board of Trade.

Mrs. Ambridge of Mexico is spending the summer with her father, Police Magistrate White.

Mrs. H. S. Scott of Detroit has been staying a fortnight with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cruise of Erie street.

Mrs. R. W. Travers of Berlin is the guest of the Misses Travers of Pearl street.

Miss McIntyre of Dutton is visiting Mrs. Harry Travers.

Mrs. Birch of Center street left for a short visit to Toronto last week.

Mrs. Belton of Buffalo, who has been the guest of Mrs. Laycock of Pearl street, left for home last week.

Stratford.

Under the direction of Mr. W. J. Freeland, musical instructor in the Stratford Public schools, a concert was given in the skating rink on Friday evening, June 2, by the school pupils, numbering about 1200. The programme was a lengthy one and comprised many difficult pieces, all of which were well rendered, and, considering that the ages of the children ran from five to fourteen years, the singing and behavior were as good as that of adults, so careful was the training they had received.

The calisthenics were simply wonderful, as was also the keeping time to music by waving handkerchiefs, maple leaves, flags, etc. The audience numbered about 4,000 people, a large percentage of which was made up by visitors from outside towns. Mr. Johnson of Hamilton assisted on the programme with three very finely rendered solos and an attack on ventriloquism, which was heartily received.

The marriage of Dr. Fred. C. Heath and Miss Lou E. Ott will take place on Friday, July 7. Miss Reba A. Hossie will leave next week to spend the summer abroad. Miss Hossie will visit Sarnia, London and Chicago before returning.

The city is very lively this week owing to the meeting of the Presbyterian Assembly. Among the ministers I noticed: Rev. Dr. Paton of New Hebrides, Rev. Dr. Beattie of South Carolina, Rev. Dr. Smith of Port Hope, Prof. Caven of Knox College, and several other clever divines.

Miss Macpherson of Stratford is visiting the Misses Hossie this week.

A very sweet young girl is at present the guest of Miss Gertrude Leonard. I am unfortunate enough to have forgotten her name.

Mr. Reuben Leonard of Nova Scotia is visiting his parents.

Warton.

On Monday, June 5, Mrs. Johns gave one of the most brilliant receptions of the season in honor of her guest, Miss Linda Adams of Chesley, whose charming face has won many friends in our town. Mrs. Johns and her popular daughter Lillian received their guests in the spacious parlors of their magnificent home. Shortly after 9.30 the merry throng moved en masse to the ball-room, which was tastefully decorated and beautifully illuminated by electricity. The scene presented was an unusually brilliant one, and the music perfection, supplied by two of Toronto's popular artists. About 130 a *recherche* lunch was served and proclaimed *par excellence* by all. After lunch dancing was resumed and continued until the wee sma' hours of the morning. The reception was enjoyable and a marked success, and many were the wishes for its repetition. Mrs. Johns wore black and white bengaline silk. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. F. Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ely, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Miss Minnie Robinson, Mrs. Alderson, Miss Ely, Mr. Zealand of Hamilton, the Misses Symon, Misses Snaden, Green-

lees, Manley, Vickers, Reckin, Walmsley, Dinmore, Tibbando, Jamieson, Butler, McHaydn of Toronto; Mr. Patterson of London, Mr. Marshall of Stratford, Messrs. W. Sadler, Stewart, Cameron, Cooper, McKay, Ferguson, Bull, Ling, Gimby, Sharman, Jones, Ewald, and Binns. Miss Adams was daintily gowned in cream delaine, with velvet trimmings and cream roses; Mrs. Ames looked stately in black and yellow silk, with trimmings of rich black lace; Miss Robinson looked very graceful in yellow silk; Mrs. Sadler wore cream cashmere trimmed with bengaline silk; Mrs. Ely looked dainty in cream and old rose cashmere; Miss Ely, *en* rose cashmere and cream silk lace trimming.

Bobcaygeon.

The Masonic entertainment given by the Masons of Bobcaygeon on Friday evening, June 9, was in every way a marked success. The different members of the lodge present among the Masons served the guests in a finished and clever way. The hall was crowded and divided into games of different interest. Everything was progressive and the five tables were full of ambition, energy and interest which made the games highly amusing. Miss Boyd won every game and was the champion. On the other side of the hall flip was played most earnestly and comically and Mrs. Muns was the conquering heroine. After these games, which were under the supervision of Messrs. Stewart, Read, and Bottom, the seats and aspect of the hall were quickly changed and cleared, and a pleasant dance concluded the evening's amusements. Between the different lancers a song and a chorus were sung. Miss Beatty sang with great effect that ever pretty song of Acher's, Alice, Where Art Thou! and Mr. Stewart gave in his best voice that popular melody, The Village Blacksmith, which was loudly encored. The different choruses were well rendered by Mr. Ventres, Misses Campbell, Hoe, Beatty and others. Bobcaygeon turned out very prettily, muslin and silks floated around, and all spent a most agreeable evening and look forward to the next annual given by the Masons.

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Continued from Page Four.

Every phase of the wedding took place on Wednesday evening at Grace church, when Miss Artha Ada Knowles, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Knowles, was married to Mr. Arthur Collington Van De Carr of Buffalo. The bride was attired in a dress of cream cabelle and corded silk, trimmed with pearls, with veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaids were Misses Ethel and Irene Knowles, sisters of the bride, and the groomsman was Dr. C. H. McKay of Collingwood. The ushers were Messrs. Fred. Knowles and Louis Langstaff. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Rev. J. G. Lawrie, and Rev. Mr. Senior, after which a reception was held at Norway Place, Church street, residence of the bride's father. The bride received many handsome presents, among which were a diamond brooch from the groom, a handsome oak cabinet of silver

take sixteen minutes to get to the other side. His conjecture he then verified by careful experiments. Now the whole way across the earth is 572,000 miles, and dividing this by 16 we get the velocity 35,750 miles a second. This is so great that it would take an express train fifty years to do it, and the bullet from a cannon over 5,000 years. P.S.—I think the gentleman's name was Homer, not Homer; but, anyway, it was 20 per cent. wrong, and Mr. Fahrenheit and Mr. Celsius afterward made more careful determinations. (b) An atheistic scientist (nobody so called) tried experiments on the

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TIVATION OF THE EAR.



The Tales of a Trooper.

IV. The Governor's Demijohn.

From The Illustrated American.

THE Department of the Interior is not a divinely instituted branch of the Government; nor would it be fair to hold those powers darkly in opposition to divinity responsible for its works.

But in its management of the Indians—the wards of the nation, as they are somewhat facetiously termed—the Department of the Interior displays a depravity that amounts almost to genius.

The soldier of the American army in the West is brought from time to time into close relations with the Indian, protecting him from Caucasian aggression and shielding the Caucasian from the despair and hostility of the red man; but of all the creatures connected with the Indian and his life, that the soldier meets, the Indian agent is the man he likes the least. In my time it was a toss-up to learn which was the greatest rogue, the Indian agent or the army sutler, and my observation led me to believe that the sutler was a white-robed angel in comparison with the Indian agent; and that is putting the case pretty strong.

Of all the rascally brood of official harpies, the worst one I ever knew was old Slimy, who was at one time agent of the Navajo Indian reservation, with his headquarters at Fort Defiance in Canyon Bonito. Slimy was an old man, tall, thin, stoop-shouldered, and with a dirty gray beard of long, goat-like growth. He spoke with a whine, quoted the Scriptures fluently, talked temperance, and was as rank an old humbug as stood in the territory. He was a Methodist, with church connections and influences, and was supposed to be exerting a godly and gospel influence among the heathens. He was a frugal soul withal. Out of a salary of three thousand dollars per annum he saved enough money in a few years to buy a big ranch and stock it well with cattle, and he made other investments that were monuments to his financial cleverness and economy. Of course, there were people who called him rascal and hypocrite, and the visits of Navajos to Fort Wingate, and the stories they told of the pious old gentleman, convinced the old soldier that the Governor, as old Slimy was called, was a thorough-paced old scamp, and an honor to the organized system of rascality officially known as the Indian department.

There came a time when even the patience of the long-suffering Navajos had ceased to be a virtue, and headed by Manuelita, the chief, they waited on the good old rogue and advised him to take the trail for Santa Fe. If he did not wish to hire the services of a wagoner, Mr. Slimy preferring to take time by the forelock, to having a Navajo do a similar office for him, scuttled off from Fort Defiance in hot haste.

As a mass of complaints, fortified by damning evidence, followed on his heels, even the Indian department refused to back him up, and he was allowed to return to the reservation for his property, and the commanding officer at Fort Wingate was instructed to furnish him with a military escort in order to insure his skin.

I will add incidentally that his property, when loaded on wagons, cleaned out nearly everything at Fort Defiance, leaving the Government nothing but the real estate and the wholesome atmosphere of the canyon as its share of the plunder.

A young lieutenant and six troopers were sent down the Albuquerque road to meet the old gentleman, and at the Laguna pueblo we found the Governor, ensconced in the house of the pious agent of that place, waiting for us. His outfit consisted of an ambulance and a light wagon, which were standing outside the corral of the agent's house.

The old fellow was full of indignation at the ingratitude of the Navajos and the department, but he knew, he said, that God, who looked after the lambs and the sparrows, would take care of him in his declining years. The old jackal had actually persuaded himself that he was another Wolsey, the victim of base official ingratitude.

Now it happened that one of our fellows had loaded himself up with very bad whisky, back at McCarthy's ranch, and he was pretty sick and sorry when we reached Laguna after our hot, long ride. As he was suffering a good deal and we concluded the Laguna agent was altogether too angelic to own a bottle of whisky, Private Jones was deputed to "work" old Slimy for the liquor necessary to restore our invalid to health and duty.

Jones went off to hunt him up and found the old man in excellent humor, after a good dinner, smoking a big cigar, smiling and at peace with the world. Jones concluded that the occasion was propitious, and he approached him with great deference.

"Good evening, Governor," he said.

"Good evening, young man," he responded amiably.

"One of our men is very sick," Jones began diplomatically.

"Sorry to hear it. Nothing serious, I hope," the Governor said, without much concern.

"No," Jones answered; "nothing serious, but painful and inconvenient."

"Ah!" he murmured.

"I think," continued Jones, "if he had a little good spirits it would do him good; in fact, cure him. Now, you don't happen to have any whisky, Governor, you could let us have, do you?"

"Whisky?" he gasped.

"That's what I said, Governor; whisky," responded Jones.

"Young man," he said solemnly, pointing his finger at him threateningly; "don't you ever talk whisky to me. I wouldn't allow the damnable stuff in my camp. I never have it,

never drink it, and never allow it where I am. Why, young man, there is no curse in the world so awful as that same thing, whisky. I'm surprised that you have the temerity to mention such a thing to me!"

"He fairly trembled with indignation as he stopped talking; but as Jones knew the old fox, he sized up his anger as a well played bluff.

"So you haven't got any, Governor?" he said, giving him a last chance.

"No, sir!" he thundered, as he threw away his cigar and walked into the ranch.

Jones was somewhat staggered and disappointed, but he resolved to look around and see for himself.

He sauntered over to the Governor's ambulance, where the driver was sitting on the feed box smoking his pipe and cleaning his harness. After bidding him the time of day and asking him carelessly about his trip, Jones looked in his ambulance, and there, sure enough, was a gallon demijohn.

"Hello, Jim," says the guileless Jones; "what have you got in the demijohn?"

"Whisky," said Jim easily.

"Whisky!" quoth Jones. "Well! What's the chance of getting some?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," he went on, stopping from his cleaning. "I'd like first-rate to give you some, but the old man owns it, and he'd raise Cain if he missed any, and he keeps his eye skinned for it pretty close."

"That's all right, old man," said Jones affably, feeling intense satisfaction. "I wouldn't want to get you into any trouble with the old guy, only I wanted some for Jack Dillon, who is pretty sick. I guess I'll try the Governor himself."

"Do," he said kindly. "He'll give it to you all right. The old man is no hog."

"That's right," Jones chuckled, as he walked off to the corral where the boys were waiting his return. He told them the whole story and said he was going for the demijohn just as soon as they could get the driver out of the way.

Corporal Flanders strolled out to engage Jim and get him out of the way, while Jones took a position where he could swoop down on the plunder when the watchdog was gone. Flanders soon had Jim engaged, and marched him off to make one in a game of old sledge on our temporary quarters.

Jones descended on the ambulance like an eagle, grabbed the demijohn, shook it, found it about half full, and sneaked with it to the corral. He soon had Jack Dillon feeling all right; then the rest of the liquor was made up into a good stiff punch, and the demijohn returned to the wagon. It was explained to Jim that Jones had got his whisky from the Laguna agent, and Jim was very much surprised. We supposed he would be. We played cards and drank punch until midnight, and sent Jim back to his ambulance, feeling very comfortable indeed, after pledging the health of all Indian agents.

As was expected, there was trouble in camp next morning, and the pious old Slimy was swearing like a pirate. He was angrily explaining his loss to our lieutenant when Jones appeared on the ground.

"That's the man," the Governor said, pointing at him. "That's the very identical fellow."

The lieutenant called Jones over and said sternly, trying to keep his face:

"What's this about this whisky, sir?"

"What whisky, Lieutenant?" Jones asked innocently.

"Why, Governor Slimy's whisky," said the officer, smiling.

"Why, Governor Slimy had no whisky, Lieutenant," said Jones. "He told me that he would not have the miserable stuff around, that he didn't own any, and never had owned any. Didn't you tell me that, Governor?"

"You are a very smart young man," snapped the Governor.

"It's true, Lieutenant, I got some whisky, but I won't make a liar of the Governor by saying it is his. The driver Jim said it was the Governor's, and the Governor said he never owned any in his life, so, of course, I believed the Governor. Now, as the whisky needed an owner and I needed whisky, I made the connection for the benefit of the camp. Of course, if Governor Slimy now claims the liquor I will pay for it, though I know he never sells whisky, and wouldn't without a government license. I'm willing to do the right thing."

The lieutenant turned on his heel with a smile, and walked off, while the pious agent looked at Jones with ineffable disgust and said with intense feeling: "Well! hang me, if I don't like your cheek, young fellow. You will be heard from yet."

"I may get down to be an Indian agent yet, Governor," retorted Jones as he left him. "And then I'll do as much for you."

The old humbug didn't get over his disgust until he reached Wingate, where he replenished his demijohn and placed it under lock and key; but as our lieutenant told the story on him, he received a good many enquiries about his temperance views that kept him in a constant state of irritation until we started for Fort Defiance.

Private Jones was relieved from duty with the escort, but he came down to the sutler's store to see old Slimy off, to the intense amusement of the officers and men gathered there.

JOSEPH SMITH.

A Great Chance.

Mrs. Bridle—I see the papers are discussing how women shall dress at the World's Fair.

Mr. Bridle—I don't care how they dress; but I hope they'll try to knock about twenty-five minutes off of the record.

Indispenable.

Mrs. McShane—But what are ye takin' that biz shillalee wid ye for, Pat?

McShane (off for the World's Fair)—Sure, didn't ye know they hav two Irish villages there!

The Adventures of Jones.

IV.—ACTIVE COLORADO REAL ESTATE.

"When I was visiting at my uncle's in Wisconsin last fall, I went out to Lake Kinnickinnick and caught a shovel-nose sturgeon which weighed eighty-five pounds."

It was Jackson Peters who spoke, and he did it rapidly and with an apprehensive air, for Jones was watching him closely. As he finished, Peters drew a long breath and seemed much relieved that he had got through the story without an interruption.

"Eighty-five pounds," mused Jones.

"Yes, eighty-five pounds. Eighty-five pounds and ten ounces, to be exact, but I called it eighty-five."

"Exactness does not help your story in the least, Jackson," continued Jones. "You might give us the fractions of the ounce, and your story would still remain a crude production. I am in the habit of speaking plainly, and I will do so now. I take it that we are to consider your story simply as an exaggeration—that the fish probably didn't weigh ten pounds. Simple exaggeration, Jackson, is not art, and is unworthy of a man of parts. Anybody can exaggerate—the street laborer as easily as the man in Congress. But artistic story-telling is another thing, and the greatest may well hope for distinction in it. Why did you not, Jackson, tell an artistic lie, and say when you pulled your fish out of the water the level of the lake fell two feet?"

Peters moved about uneasily, but made no reply.

"You never tell fish stories, Jones?" observed Robinson in an enquiring tone.

"Seldom, Robinson. The trail of crass exaggeration is over them all. Fish stories have become the common property of the inartistic multitude. Of course I do not for this reason suppress facts having a scientific or commercial value. For instance, last winter I went before the Legislative Committee on Fisheries and laid before it an account of my experience when I had a farm near Omaha, on the Missouri River bottoms, and baited two miles of barbed-wire fence with fresh pork just before the June rise, and after the water receded removed 38,400 fish from the bars, weighing, in the aggregate, over ninety-six tons. The Legislature passed a special vote of thanks for the facts."

Jones was becoming warmed up. "You have observed, Robinson," he went on, "that I seldom relate the marvelous. That is because it is too easy. I prefer to have the reputation of telling a plain tale artistically to that of telling a fabulous one like a realistic novelist. That is the reason I never told anyone of my experience at breaking one hundred and sixty acres of land to ride."

"Tell us, by all means, Jones," said Robinson.

"Yes, go ahead," added Smith. Jackson Peters hid himself behind a cloud of cigar smoke.

"It was an exciting experience," said Jones thoughtfully, as he gazed into the fire, "and one which I have never mentioned to anybody, although it happened twenty years ago. There is nothing so easy to lose as a reputation for truthfulness. I have my own to maintain. More men have lost their good names by telling the plain straightforward truth than by indulging in judicious lying. However, I will venture this time. It was, as I said, twenty years ago. There was a great mining boom in Colorado, and I closed my defective shoe factory in Chicago, to the great joy of the insurance companies, and went out. I saw more money in hens than I did in mines, and decided to start a hen ranch. Eggs sold at five dollars per dozen. The hen, you know, requires a great amount of gravel for her digestion, and she also thrives best at a high altitude; so I went about two miles up Pike's Peak and selected a quarter-section of land good for my purpose. There was gravel in plenty, and I put up a small house and turned loose my three hundred hens. I became so interested in getting settled that I forgot all about establishing my right to the land before the United States Land Office at Colorado Springs. One day a large red-headed man came along and erected a small house on one corner of my ranch, and said that he had as much right to the land as I. He turned out two hundred head of goats, and started for Colorado Springs to file his claim. He had a good horse while I had none. It was ten miles to town by the road and only five in a straight line down the mountain, but this five was impassable on foot or in any other ordinary way. But I did not despair. I had studied the formation of the land, and knew what I could do. I took a half dozen sticks of giant powder and went over to a small ridge of rocks which held my farm in place. I inserted the powder, gentlemen, and blew those rocks over into the next county. I then lay down on my back and clung to a root while I rode that one hundred and sixty acres of good hen land down the mountain to Colorado Springs. It felt very much like an earthquake, and I made the five miles in a little over four minutes. Probably ten acres of my farm around the edges were knocked off along on the grand Colorado scenery, and most of the goats jolted off, but the hens, gentlemen, clung, the hens and myself. The corner of my front yard struck the Land Office and knocked it off its foundation. The Register and Receiver came running out, and I said, 'Gentlemen, I desire to make claim entry on the northeast quarter of section twenty-seven, township fourteen south, of range sixty-nine, and to prevent mistake I have brought it with me.' The business was all finished by the time the red-headed man came lumbering along, and I gave him ten minutes to get the rest of his goats off my land. He seemed considerably surprised, and looked at me curiously."

Jackson Peters was the first to speak after Jones paused.

"It is one of the saddest things in this life," he said, "that the man who always adheres to the exact truth often gets the reputation of being a liar."

"You are right, Jackson," said Jones. "I know of nothing sadder, unless it be, perhaps, to see a young man forget the respect he owes his former tutor. This life, Jackson, is full of sad things."—Harper's Weekly.

Improving the Occasion.

She (looking over display of wedding presents)—What a magnificent lot!

He (who was rejected the night before)—Rosalie, isn't this enough to make you change your mind?

Art and Artists.

It is surprising to notice the effect which various paintings have on visitors. In the Canadian exhibit, for example, there is a painting, the subject of which is Foreclosing the Mortgage. In it is insignificant as compared with others, but as an effective work it must be realistic if the attention which it received yesterday is to be taken as an indication. At one time not less than one hundred people stood before it, and some were so much affected by it that they were moved to tears. In the United States exhibit there is a painting which represents a mother saying good bye to her boy, who is just going out into the world for the first time. Here a crowd

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stood yesterday until another crowd pushed it out of line.—Chicago Tribune, June 12.

Since the winter life classes of the Toronto Art League closed for the season, the members of that flourishing society have been energetically securing the surrounding country laying in stores of useful material. All the Saturday sketching trips have been well attended, and among the most enthusiastic of the workers is Mr. C. W. Jeffreys, recently returned from New York, who came on in time for the blossoming season. Mr. James Jephcott has also recently returned from New York and, it is hoped, will enjoy our Canadian summer before returning to his busy field of artistic labors.

Miss S. E. Spurr is on a lengthy visit to Haliburton.

Mr. O. S. Staples left on Wednesday for Athlone, where he intends making studies from animal life.

Mr. C. M. Manly has been reaping a golden harvest while the blossoms lasted. His portfolio is already a very interesting one.

Why Should He Wait For To-Morrow?

A man went to a certain railway station in America to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously.

"Does this train go to Morrow?" asked the man, coming up to the ticket office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the line, with steam up and every indication of a speedy departure.

"No; it goes to-day," replied the clerk curtly. He thought the man was "trying to be funny," as the saying goes.

"But," rejoined the man who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow to-day?"

"No, it goes yesterday, the week after next," said the other sarcastically.

"You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave the warning note; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, then," said the clerk sternly, "why don't you go to-morrow, and not come bothering here to-day? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered enquirer, "it is important that I should be in Morrow to-day, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to-day—"

At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened to appear, and straightened matters in less than a minute.

The clerk apologized, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow that day.

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Cricket Notes.

I HEARD a hot argument on the probable age and origin of cricket last Saturday on the Parkdale ground. One gentleman held that the game was entirely modern; his opponent stated that it was at least two hundred years old. The argument was getting as warm as the weather, which is saying a good deal, when suddenly a well known cricketer of the flowery suburb cut in with "Come! you fellows are away out, talking through your hats in fact. Why, in the Acts of the Apostles it says as clearly as can be that Peter stood up before the eleven and was (w)(e)(d), and again somewhere else it says that he was appointed wicket-keeper." That killed the discussion.

East Toronto have furnished the subject matter for another surprise. After being defeated by Norway they sent a weaker team against U. C. C. and managed to beat the boys by 5 wickets. The boys put up their usual sterling game, and at one time it looked as if they were in for a big score. F. Waldie and E. Street got together, and both played fine cricket. Waldie hit hard and merrily whenever he got the chance, and Street played an exceedingly pretty, scientific bat. He has a knack of getting in a late cut that is the acme of play and is considered by many authorities as the finest stroke in a batsman's repertoire. It is a great pity that he is not here to play for the school against Trinity, Port Hope, as he struck me as being rather a sure player. He made 11 by very careful, good cricket, Waldie making 23, not a faultless innings, as he ought to have been taken at the wickets and was missed again at long on by Gregory. After the separation of these two the school went all to pieces for a time. Two wickets were down for 26, and five more fell for an addition of only 11 runs. The last three wickets, however, put on 27 more and the innings closed for 70. R. Waldie made 9. The East Toronto bowlers were well on the wicket. Berry's analysis read 24 overs, 9 maidens, 5 wickets for 22 runs. He bowled Counsell with a beautiful ball which came in from the off and completely beat that clever young player. E. Smith bowled at the other end and took 5 wickets for 23 runs in 22 overs, of which 7 were maidens. His analysis was somewhat spoiled by a leg hit for 6, made, I believe, by Waldie. These two men were well helped by their fielders, all of whom worked like Trojans. J. Thompson getting in some very good work at silly point, where he brought off a very hot catch. East Toronto's batting was not by any means the same scientific display, but the needed runs were obtained by what one might call desperately hard running rendered all the more dangerous by the sharp fielding of the boys, MacMaster bringing off a very hard catch. Maddocks played strong and very useful cricket for 25, Berry made 10 by hard off play, Larkin was unfortunately run out for a good 12 and at twenty-five minutes before the call of time East Toronto still needed thirty runs. It did not look as if they could be obtained, but Smith and Aason suddenly began to slog and pulled off the game.

There were more queer features in the match between Toronto and Aurora. The scores were very small, 48 to 44, which speaks well for the bowlers who, I was told, were not helped very much by the wicket, which played very true. For Toronto, Walters, who has not played for a long time, made 25, three others made 19 between them, leaving 5 runs to the credit of 7 batsmen, there being one extra. Dr. Stevenson took 5 wickets for 16 runs, and Webster, who is a very promising bowler, 4 for 22. Aurora's score presents the same peculiar features as Toronto's. MacDonald and Fleury made 15 each, three other bats made 7 between them, there were four extras, and the remaining five men did not make as many runs. There were eleven duck eggs between the two teams. Casey Wood took 6 wickets for 16 runs, doing the hat trick.

The Toronto and Trinity school match was somewhat disappointing as an exhibition of all round cricket. The batting and fielding were up to the mark, but the bowling was certainly no better if as good as that seen at any match between our leading local clubs. Laing was off color and that went against Toronto, as it left Allison and Goldingham to bear the full brunt. It seems a pity that Toronto had to call upon their opponents to furnish them with a substitute, and the fact that the same individual should make top score (45) for his side must have filled the schoolboys with a double sense of victory. The local club ought to have made another levy upon Upper Canada College, whose players are worthy of every encouragement. T. McMaster's score of 26 not out proves this. S. Senkler did not uphold his reputation as a crack bowler on "Varsity lawn." He is fast but decidedly erratic. He appears to me to have the fault, common to so many fast young bowlers, of paying more attention to pace than pitch. This style of bowling may come off now and then, but it entirely precludes head work, without which no man can ever become first-class.

The Parkdale and Upper Canada match at Parkdale was an interesting game and one which particularly demonstrated the uncertainties of the game. Matters looked decidedly blue for the West End club at one time. The first wicket fell for 13, the second for 21 and then came a sensational collapse: 3 for 23, 4 for 23, 5 for 23, 6 for 24. Then Webster and Arthur Chambers got together and completely changed the complexion of the game. The former played the game that was exactly needed. It was a fine exhibition of cricket and not merely an exhibition of hitting. Those balls that ought to have been played were played, and those that ought to have been on or off the wicket. Webster's innings was a thorough demonstration of the principle that it is the pitch of a ball that decides the manner in which it is to be treated. Many of our young players won't hit at a ball that is straight on the wicket, no matter what the length may be, which may be a very safe game but can hardly be called cricket. Chambers played a good game but once or twice he made some faulty strokes, from a desire to score, which nearly cost him his wicket. These two brought the score up from 24 to 63 and the innings closed for 69. When Upper Canada

went in nobody expected to see them come out for 22, which is the smallest score they have made this year. The tally board read rather curiously. 1 for 6, 2 for 6, 3 for 8, 4 for 11, 5 for 13, 6 for 13, 7 for 13, 8 for 16, 9 for 22, 10 for 22. This was chiefly due to the bowling of Clark, who took 6 wickets for 5 runs, and who was practically unplayable. J. E. Hall was at the other end and proved also very deadly. The analysis of the two men reads:

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Clark	13	10	5	6
Hall	13	3	16	3

The wicket did not play as true as it might have done, but this was noticeable from the beginning of the game. The Parkdale fielding I am glad to say was a decided improvement on the form hitherto shown, although there were one or two mistakes. Perhaps the example set them by their young opponents put them on their mettle. Leigh kept wickets in great style for his club, while Counsell showed up in rare form for the school. The idea of establishing an Upper Canada College cricket fund for the purpose of retaining the services of a good pro or a ground man, residing on or near the grounds, is one that ought to find favor and obtain the hearty support of everyone who has the welfare of cricket at heart. The Canadian schools and colleges must ever be the nurseries of cricket, as those passing through them enjoy advantages which are not to be obtained elsewhere.

A point that I would like to touch upon right now, in the first days of the season, is this: It should, with every club, be an obligation of the first magnitude to fill its engagements at all hazards. There is nothing so aggravating as the calling of a game off at the last minute, or worse still, failing to put in an appearance without a word of excuse. I am told that the East Toronto Club had a fixture with Pickering for the 10th inst., and the home team had lunch, wicket and everything in readiness, and have not heard, even yet, what prevented the East-enders from carrying out the engagement. This is ruinous to the game and wholly inexcusable. Speaking of lunches, I am told that Rosedale has imitated the bad practice instituted by the Toronto Club two or more years ago, of taxing the members of the visiting club for their lunches, also scorers and umpires. This is not cricket as the old boys understand it. It knocks the hospitality out of the game, and hospitality is one of the most pleasant features of cricket. The Toronto Club up to the present has been welcome to an unenviable peculiarity in this regard, and it is not encouraging to see Rosedale follow suit. If, however, as is possible, it merely regaled the Toronto Club with a return of its own inhospitable treatment, the action was virtuous and just beyond words.

The Riverdale Club has disbanded for the season. Secretary Fawke of Parkdale has arranged a fine tour for his club. The eleven will open the tour in Brampton on Saturday, July 1, and go on to Guelph the same evening, playing there Monday, July 3; Berlin, Tuesday; Galt, Wednesday; Paris, Thursday; Brantford, Friday; and Hamilton, Saturday. No more promising tour could well have been arranged. The following players will probably take in the trip: J. E. Hall, A. E. Black, F. M. DeRose, F. W. Terry, G. N. Morrison, J. T. Clark, E. Leigh, E. Fawke, A. Chambers, E. Dean, H. J. Webster, J. Eyer, C. Chambers and S. Chambers. D. G.

A Flying Trip Through Muskoka.

THE heated term is upon us, and thrice blessed is he who can pack his grip and hie away to some unfrequented spot where his friends can't find him. What I wanted most on starting out last week was to find some quiet nook where I could lie down undisturbed and think out a blamed good fish lie that would make all my friends feel that they had lived and died in vain. A fellow who has friends such as mine needs a quiet spot and all the advantages possible if he hopes to accomplish such a task as I set myself. Having once lived in the country I knew what I was hunting for. Talk about drowsy beds of ease, but when you are trying to incur



People whom I met.

bate a fish arm that will knock old bass fishers dizzy, you need something of another sort. I wanted to find a place where I could remove my boots at the water's edge, hang my coat and vest on the limb of a tree, fasten my suspenders around my waist, put my collar, cuffs and tie on the ground with a piece of bark to hold them down, and then I would be ready. With my feet dangling in the water, my toes toying with pebbles or stirring the grateful mud, I could lie there as the hours went by, the cool beaver meadow grass growing up through my hair and associating with my whiskers as though they grew in beauty side by side and were not the merest chance acquaintances. Who couldn't concoct a fish yarn there! Place me in such a setting and none could prevail against me. Knowing

what I wanted and suspecting Muskoka of possessing it, I headed for Muskoka.

The Grand Trunk train which leaves Toronto at 10.35 landed me on the Muskoka wharf, Gravenhurst, at 2.25, a capital run, and the Kenosha being in readiness to depart I boarded her. That boat puts up the best meals to be had on water, and if you haven't an appetite you can easily get one from any officer on the boat, or from any passenger, for that matter. Your ticket entitles you not only to meals but to the appetite necessary for their full enjoyment, and it is a matter which the cook and purser attend to with the greatest care. The Muskoka Navigation Company, A. P. Cockburn, secretary and manager, owns a fleet composed of the following steamers, Kenosha, Oriole, Muskoka and Nipissing. In July a fine new boat, The Medora, will be launched and added to the fleet.

The air was so bracing, the scenery so engaging that the charms of my mud-larking, lie-hatching expedition began to lose their hold upon me, and when we landed at Beaumaris, Tondern Island, I was not decided as to my plans. The Beaumaris Hotel has a capacity for two hundred guests, and a mile or so around at Milford Bay, the Milford Bay Hotel, in its snug retreat, can accommodate eighty guests. After visiting these two houses I made a compromise with myself, deciding to get a boat and row the seven miles across to Port Carling. Passing the islands and along the mainland, if I saw a good place for hanging my coat and dangling my feet, with lots of cool beaver meadow grass handy, I could carry out my original intention, but if not, let it go. Why should I take such an advantage of my friends, who were concocting their lies under the most heart-rending difficulties? It would be unfair. More than that, why should I debase my intellect by devising fish lies? Was it not immoral—no, no, that's absurd! No harm in fish yarns. But it would be unfair; that was the point to leave it at, for that would not hamper me should a good idea come to me on the trip.

If somebody urges you to row across to Port Carling, don't do it. Hire somebody to row across and go you across on the steamer. Get him to start half an hour ahead of the steamer and then get on the top deck with your feet over the rail, smoking a cigar, and watch him work. Talk to him as long as he is in hearing. You will enjoy it and feel that your money was well spent. Choose a red-hot day and hire the fastest fellow you can find. At Port Carling you can put up at the Stratton House, which can accommodate one hundred and sixty guests, or the Inter-laker House, with a capacity for one hundred guests. Don't draw any false conclusion from the way I speak of hotels. I rowed across; I am fat; the day was red-hot; the hotels were handy, and I heard a cork "bung" as I was passing one of the sample rooms in my virtuous search for someone who wanted me to sign the pledge. That is the trouble with temperance workers; they are never on hand at critical moments.

I took the steamer Oriole from Port Carling to Port Cockburn. Of course the officers of the boat were on it at the time; they don't leave steamers lying around loose up there, society naturally being very mixed. There I found the Summit House, with accommodation for two hundred guests, and here all idea of going into special training in order to concoct a fish yarn was abandoned, and instead it was decided to make a flying circuit of Muskoka, measuring the tumbler in an unofficial but thorough way. Full information will be furnished tourists of modest means on private application. At six p.m. I left Port Cockburn for Port Sandfield on the Oriole, where I found the Prospect House in fine shape for the reception of two hundred guests. Across the little lake stands the Paignton House, where eighty guests are comfortably housed during the season. I chose to reach there by row boat, and also paddled the five miles over to the Fife House, Windermere. There I met a man and asked him if he would take charge of a solemn promise which I desired to leave somewhere, and he kindly consenting, I vowed to row no more. I had already left about ten pounds of my weight upon the Muskoka lakes, and next month some attenuated fellow will go up there and find my lost weight and come home blowing about it and throwing out his waist in the vain manner of thin men who covet bulk, all uncon-

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This comfortable family hotel is delightfully situated. The most central and convenient stopping place on the chain of lakes. Parties leaving Toronto or Hamilton in the morning arrive at Stratton House about 4 p.m. Luggage checked direct. Terms \$1.25 and \$1.50 per day. A reduction to parties and families by the week or month. N. B.—Letters of inquiry receive prompt attention.
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This popular and well known first-class hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Situated at the junction of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph, and being 800 feet above Lake Ontario, the location is the most delightful in the Muskoka region. Still under the personal management of
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Flesherton.

Wednesday was a red-letter day in Flesherton. For some little time our people have been in a flutter of excitement, knowing that a couple of interesting events were about to occur to mar the placidity of our general humdrum existence. But it was not known, and actually transpired by chance, that these interesting events should occur on the same day and at the same hour, robbing Flesherton of two of its fairest daughters and most estimable young women, in the persons of Miss Lizzie Richardson, third daughter of Mr. M. Richardson, and Miss Emma Damude, eldest daughter of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Mr. S. Damude. The fortunate young men in the case are Mr. J. T. Wright, who takes Miss Damude to his far-away home in Wichita, Kansas, as Mrs. Wright, and Mr. L. B. Lucas, the clever young barrister, of Markdale, to whose fortunes Miss Lizzie Richardson has joined hers. In both these cases the young men are extremely fortunate, and Flesherton extremely unfortunate in losing these talented young ladies. The weddings both took place at 1:30 p.m., and the young couples took their departure by the 5 p.m. train, being escorted to the station by a host of congratulating friends. To describe the happy events more fully, let us first take that of Lucas-Richardson. The wedding, which was a somewhat quiet affair, only relatives being present, was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, and was solemnized by the Rev. A. W. Tonge. The little bride looked exceedingly handsome in a simple ivory satin gown, the conventional veil and white roses, while her two sisters, Misses Annie and Teenie Richardson, assisted her, in gowns of cream crepon, with yellow trimmings and yellow roses. Mr. Pincombe of Strathroy and Mr. Johnson Lucas of Markdale ably assisted the groom through the trying ordeal. The wedding presents were exceedingly rich and handsome. Following is a list of the invited guests: Dr. and Mrs. Washington of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Southgate of Toronto, Mr. W. Hendrick of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lucas of Dundalk, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Park of Listowel, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lucas, and Miss Lucas, of Calgary, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Richardson, Flesherton; Mr. and Mrs. William Lucas, Misses Minnie and Sadie Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFarland, Miss McFarland, Mr. W. L. McFarland, Mr. Geo. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. George Haskett, Mr. and Mrs. MacPherson, Markdale; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knight, Sault Ste. Marie; Mr. and Mrs. H. Foster, Windsor. The young people will visit Montreal and Quebec before returning to their home in Markdale.

Wright-Damude. This event was presided over by Rev. J. Wells, M.A., also at the residence of the bride's parents, Collingwood street. The bride was dressed in pale green and pink silk with white cut roses, and a magnificent diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid, Miss A. Armstrong, was very handsomely attired in blue and gold shot silk, with cream cut roses. The groomsmen were Dr. Will Wright of Jackson, Mich. The wedding presents were many and beautiful. Mr. J. T. Wright and his bride will visit relatives in Southern Ontario, and spend a couple of weeks at the World's Fair before taking up their household duties in Wichita.—*The Advance*.

Didn't Admire the Jury.

Mr. Justice Maul once addressed a phenomenon of innocence as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business."

Deserved to Live.

The famous architect, Viollet-le-Duc, was one day on the Schwarzenberg Glacier, accompanied by Baptiste, the guide, who marched in front. The two men were attached to each other by a rope, as is usual in Alpine mountaineering. The guide had passed over a crevasse; but when M. Viollet-le-Duc attempted to cross

it, he failed and fell into the abyss. The guide tried to pull him out, but, instead, he found himself gradually descending. The architect perceived that his companion, if he persisted in the attempt to save him, would surely share his fate, and he asked if Baptiste had a family. "A wife and children," was the answer. "Then," said Viollet-le-Duc quietly, "I shall cut the rope." He did so and fell; but a block of ice thirty feet lower down stopped his descent. When Baptiste saw this, and that for a time the danger was lessened, he went in search of help, and returned with four stout peasants. Three hours afterward Viollet-le-Duc was extricated.

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Births.

DUNCAN—June 12, Mrs. J. T. Duncan—a son.
MURPHY—June 15, Mrs. William Murphy, a daughter.
SCOTT—June 18, Mrs. Fred Scott—a daughter.
THOMPSON—June 19, Mrs. R. A. Thompson—a son.
SUTHERLAND—June 16, Mrs. R. Sutherland—a son.
SCULLY—June 16, Mrs. John Scully—a daughter.
GORDON—June 20, Mrs. A. R. Gordon—a daughter.

Marriages.

SPURR—ANDERSON—June 7, at Haliburton, by Rev. F. E. Farncomb. Edward Toole Spurr to Jessie B. Anderson.
ALDRID—SHEER—June 20, at Berlin, Ont., George Aldrid to Lila Sheer.
CAMERON—EDWARDS—June 14, Douglas W. Cameron to Florence A. C. Edwards.
BRAIN—PRICE—June 6, Alphonse F. Brain to Emma Price.
ANDERSON—ARGUE—June 20, George Anderson to Alice Argue.
ASLING—SMART—June 20, Herbert M. Asling to Annie M. Smart.
BAILEY—HENRY—June 14, Thomas D. Bailey to Annie Henry.
ELGIE—ROBINSON—June 14, Robert B. Elgie to Mary Robinson.
ELLISON—TEMPLEMAN—June 13, H. W. Ellison to Jennie Templeman.
VIPOND—MCQUAIG—June 14, Frank Vipond to Ada McQuaig.
BOWERS—HELLIWE—June 14, Abiel Silver Bowers to Edith Helliwell.
MCULLOUGH—CONNELL—June 14, W. J. McCullough to Louise Connell.

Deaths.

ARNOT—June 15, Duncan Arnot, aged 74.
BOTHAM—June 15, Thomas Botham, aged 74.
LEAHY—June 17, Marion B. Leahy, aged 10.
BAILEY—June 18, Frank Boston Bailey, aged 41.
MOLSON—June 16, Samuel Edith Molson, aged 70.
KISSOCK—June 16, Agnes C. Kissock, aged 66.

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SHIELDS—June 19, William Shields, aged 76.
SPRY—June 19, Jane Spry, aged 62.
MOYLAN—June 19, George F. Moylan, aged 6.
WHITE—June 13, Sophia Olive White, aged 35.
CRAWFORD—June 20, George Gillespie Crawford, aged 83.
GREEN—June 19, Jennie M. Green.

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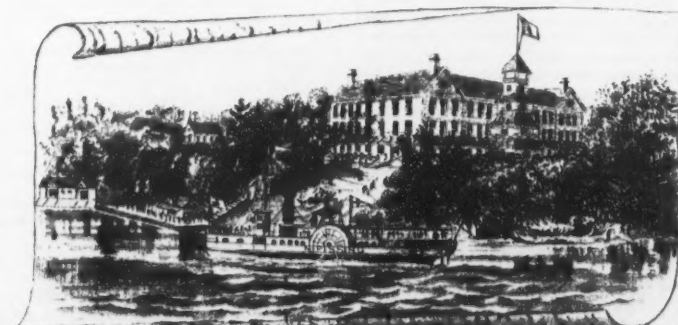
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